MANAGEMENT:

A COMEDY,

In five Acts.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

Dublin

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER,

FOR P. WOGAN—P. BYRNE—H. COLBERT—W. PORTER—J. HALPEN—AND G. FOLINGSBY.

1800.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

A Well-known Muſe, who labours once a-year,
And oft has found a ſafe Aſylum here,
Though Critic ſtorms a Mother's fears excite,
With her new Offspring ventures forth to-night.
Conſcious the features muſt betray the Sire,
She ſeeks for no diſguiſe of vain attire;
What honeſt Nature gave ſhe brings to view,
And for a kind adoption reſts on you.
Yet haply now with reaſon ſhe appears
Oppreſs'd with more than e'en maternal fears.
For ſince ſhe laſt enjoy'd your ſoft'ring ſmile,
A German Rival's charms have caught our Iſle.
And though ſhe knows that Rival's favor'd race,
With daring force combine a ſoft'ning grace,
She knows, beſides, that one of native breed
May always hope with Britons to ſucceed:
And hence, though faſhion call her bigot-fool,
She takes no leſſons from a foreign ſchool—
But with a patriot pride ſhe lets you know,
"'Tis Engliſh! Engliſh, Sirs! from top to toe!"
While on your liberal candour we rely,
And Faſhion's rage with patriot zeal defy,
Think not our Author ſees with jealous pain
Exotic merit Britiſh laurels gain—
No—when to ALBION'S hoſpitable ſhore
MISFORTUNE flies protection to implore;
Or GENIUS darting from a diſtant ſphere,
That mental Comet ſpreads its radiance here;
May Britons glow with philanthropic fire,
Eager alike to cheriſh and admire!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN LAVISH	MR. LEWIS.
MIST -	MR. FAWCETT.
WORRY -	MR. MUNDEN.
SIR HERVEY SUTHERLAND. -	MR. POPE.
ALLTRADE -	MR. FARLEY.
FRANK -	MR. KLANERT.
STOPGAP -	MR. SIMMONS.
GEOFFRY -	MR. DAVENPORT.
MRS. DAZZLE -	MRS. DAVENPORT.
BETTY -	MISS LESERVE.
JULIANA -	MRS. POPE.

SCENE—*The Country.*

MANAGEMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A View of Sutherland-houſe, Park, Gardens, &c.*

Enter GEOFFRY *and two other Servants.*

GEOFFRY.

COME, buſtle, buſtle—all to your ſeveral occupations.—Bleſs me, who'd have thought of Sir Hervey coming home:—go—enter the houſe, and prepare for his reception—I'll wait his arrival here. [*Servants exeunt.*

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. Good morning, good old Geoffry.—I have once more eluded the vigilance of my perſecutor—once more ſtolen forth from the caſtle, purpoſely to viſit this ſpot; and if my father hears

of it, I hope he won't be angry with me:—though he denies me his protection, ſurely he will not preclude me from contemplating ſcenes that remind me of him and my dear Mother!—why, what's the matter? you ſeem agitated.

Geoffry. Well I may, Miſs Juliana—your father is arrived from Italy, and I expect him here this very day.

Juliana. Expect my father!

Geoffry. Ay; after an abſence of thirteen years, I expect Sir Hervey once more at Sutherland-houſe:—look, here's his letter.

Juliana (ſnatching the letter, reading and ſing it.) Oh, I'm ſo happy!—I ſhall at laſt ld, perhaps embrace him.

eoffry. Nay, I fear otherwiſe; Sir Hervey is a moſt unforgiving diſpoſition, and the wrongs ur mother put upon him were of a nature not eaſily to be forgotten.

Juliana. Wrongs!—what wrongs, Geoffry? is the dark tale for ever to be concealed from me?—I am deſerted by my father, and not to know he cauſe!—Come, good old man! remember, ou promiſed you would one day tell me, and nce we are alone; and may not have another opportunity, come now—unveil the myſtery—how, how did my mother wrong him?

Geoffry. Well then, to keep my word—Sir Hervey ever was, and I fear ever will be, a dupe to faſhion and its follies:—he gamed, he intrigued—and though in his heart devoted to Lady Sutherland, he forſook her and his home for ſcenes of riot and diſſipation

Juliana. Unfortunate infatuation!

Geoffry. Lady Sutherland a long while bore this with fortitude and reſignation; but young, beautiful, and accompliſhed, ſurrounded by admirers

mirers and neglected by her husband, she at last listened to the addresses of an artful and designing villain, who convinced her of Sir Hervey's infidelity, and, by means of forged letters and other artifices, persuaded her to elope with him.

Juliana. Indeed!

Geoffry. 'Tis too true, madam;—but her guilt was of short duration:—in a few days she came back to that house, all penitence and shame. —I shall never forget the day.—I told Sir Hervey of her return, and he in a fit of rage and madness bid me shut the door against her; this she overheard: 'twas too much for a tender nature like hers:—she fled, and soon after died—[illegible] of a broken heart!

Juliana (bursting into tears). Oh, for mercy —my poor, poor mother!

Geoffry. You were then but eight years old, and till that hour the idol of Sir Hervey:—but your likeness to your mother soon making him wish to avoid you, you were removed to the castle; where he invested Mrs. Dazzle with the unlimited power of a guardian over you, and which I fear she has exerted like a tyrant.

Juliana. Yes.—Sir Hervey could not mean that I should be her prisoner!—But go on: he went abroad—

Geoffry. He did—to Naples, where he has ever since resided: and now, what think you, madam? do you blame the living or the dead?

Juliana. I have no right to condemn either;—but in my mind, the husband who neglects an amiable wife is responsible for all the evils that ensue.—Died of a broken heart!—oh, that he had but pardoned her!—then he had had a wife,

and I a mother to console me!—but now——— Do I indeed resemble her?

Geoffry. You do—you do.

Juliana. Thank Heaven!—I may forgive her, though my father never can.

Worry (speaking without). This way, my lad —this way.

Juliana. Ha! there's Sir Hervey!—though I wish, you don't know how I dread to see him: let me be gone.

Geoffry. No, 'tis only Worry, his old faithful follower; honest soul! he and your father were fostered by the same nurse; and, though long live in easy independent circumstances, he still knows Sir Hervey from motives of affection. I suppose you ask him to be a mediator for you.

Juliana. Not now—another time, another time—I must return to my prison!—but though I shed tears over the fate of my mother, don't fancy I upbraid my father.—No! I feel for both —and let him still avoid, still punish and abandon me, I know his motive: and the fond hope that he will one day prove a parent to me, will make me bear even greater ills with patience.—Oh! may that day be not far off! for 'twill be the proudest and the happiest of my life. [*Exit.*

Enter WORRY *and a* Servant.

Worry. Mind, do as I order you; when the baggage arrives let me know. (*Exit Servant.*) What Geoff!—give me your hand, old Geoff! —Sir Hervey is but a stage behind.—'Slife! I thought we should never shake hands again.

Geoffry. So did I; 'tis thirteen years (*shaking hands and looking hard at Worry*); but, heyday! how you are altered, Master Worry!

Worry.

Worry. Yes, I'm not the ſame man I was,

Geoffry. So I ſee; but how has it happened?

Worry. I don't know—I lead a different ſort of life—I think; and I'm afraid I drink a great deal.

Geoffry. You drink! you that uſed to be the moſt temperate, ſober——

Worry. Ay; and I uſed to hate cards, you know; now I could play all day:—I uſed to break appointments; now I come an hour before my time;—and I that always laid in bed till noon, now conſtantly riſe with the crowing of the cock.

Geoffry. Why, what the deuce, are you mad?

Worry. No—I'm married.—I've got a loving jealous wife!—and whilſt Sir Hervey is continually miſerable becauſe Lady Sutherland ran away from him, here am I——I tell you what, Geoff—if Mrs. Worry were to run away from me, I'm ſure I ſhould be too much of a philoſopher to repine on the occaſion.

Geoffry. What! and is Sir Hervey likewiſe altered?—or does he ſtill go on rioting in diſſipation and extravagance?

Worry. Worſe and worſe—only yeſterday he employed Mr. Alltrade to raiſe five thouſand pounds for him on his bond—offered a premium of fifty *per cent.* and the moment he receives the money, away it will go in galas or at the gaming table—No, I beg pardon—not at the gaming table—now-a-days no money ever goes there.

Geoffry. What! have they left off playing?

Worry. No—but they've left off paying;—and that's the reaſon the faro banks are knocked up—when people only play for love, friendſhip won't induce them to keep open houſe.—But Miſs Sutherland—there's Sir Hervey's greateſt plague,

A meeting with her was his chief motive for leaving Italy, and now we understand she vindicates her mother, and takes part against him.

Geoffry. She is belied, cruelly belied!

Worry. Nay; we have it from the best authority,—Mrs. Dazzle—the lady who brought her up, and for whom I have a message—but of this be assured, Geoff; Sir Hervey's case isn't half so desperate as mine:—he's only tormented by a daughter who will try to break his heart, but I've got a jealous wife, who will actually break my head, heart, and purse strings.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, the baggage is come.

Worry. You hear—Mrs. Worry is arrived.—Come, will you go and be introduced?

Geoffry. With all my heart—but mind now—you'll one day find that Mrs. Dazzle has traduced Miss Sutherland, and only because she was a great favourite of her late husband's. He was a distant relation, you know, and I did hope would have remembered her in his will—but no—he, like the rest of her family—he—has forgotten her!

Worry. To be sure; who ever got any good by these distant relations? Mrs. Worry has a little thousand; and do you know my apartments are so constantly cram'd with cousins, nieces, uncles, aunts, and grandmothers, that at dinner-time I never get a chair to sit upon—I eat flying!—And talk of the comforts of a fire-side, curse me if I've been within ten yards of mine since the day I was married:—not that I complain of cold though—my house is warm enough, I promise you:—but come along; and sorry am I to be convinced of Miss Sutherland's ingratitude.

Were

Were ſhe the girl you deſcribe, I would not only be her friend and advocate, but if Sir Hervey refuſed to protect her, I would myſelf be a father to her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

Enter Mrs. DAZZLE *and* BETTY.

Betty. Even ſo, ma'am; Miſs Juliana firſt robbed you of your huſband's friendſhip, and now of the Captain's love.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the little viper!—but I know how to be amply revenged:—the great object of her life is a reconciliation with her father;—this I have already prevented, and will ſtill prevent.—But the Captain, Betty—do you think he has ſerious views?

Betty. He ſerious! what Captain Laviſh prefer Juliana Sutherland without a ſhilling, to the widow Dazzle with a nett eſtate of five thouſand a-year!

Mrs. Dazzle. That's true:—I married little Jerry for his fortune, and I am certainly ſole heireſs—to be ſure I hav'nt yet ſeen the will, becauſe he died in London:—but I expect his agent Mr. Alltrade with it every moment, and then, Betty!—poor Juliana!—I hope the Captain will allow her half pay.

Betty. Oh you're too liberal, ma'am—but ſee! here comes Mr. Alltrade with the will.

Enter ALLTRADE.

Alltrade. Well! madam, as good as my word, you ſee:—this moment arrived with my friend Sir Hervey.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. You are very kind, Mr. Alltrade; but there was no occaſion to be in any hurry—every body knows how little Jerry loved me.

Alltrade. Oh, there's no doubt that the will is completely in your favour; but you had better open it, leſt there ſhould be any ſmall bequeſt or legacies—

Mrs. Dazzle. Well, to oblige you I'll juſt caſt my eye over it—(*takes the will from* ALLTRADE). Poor Jerry!—he uſed to ſay he ſhould fall a martyr to love, (*Reads will*): "By this "my laſt will, I Jeremiah Dazzle give and be-"queath all the property of which I die poſſeſſed "unto that moſt lovely and accompliſhed of her ſex"——Spare me—ſpare a poor widow's bluſhes, Mr. Alltrade.

Alltrade. Nay! it's not more than you deſerve.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, Sir! (*curtſeying—then reads on:*)—"unto that moſt lively and accompliſhed of her ſex, Juliana Sutherland"—Juliana!—why, Mr. Alltrade! (*Half crying.*)

Alltrade. Go on.

Mrs. Dazzle (reads on). "Juliana Sutherland, whom being deſerted by her father, I take "a pride in adopting. But my will further is, that "ſhe hold the ſaid property no longer than ſhe re-"mains unmarried. In caſe ſhe marries, I give "the ſame to my widow Deborah Dazzle. And "my only motive for thus tying up my couſin "Juliana, is to ſave her from entering into a "ſtate to which I fell a martyr."——Why it's a "forgery! he could not—dared not!

Alltrade. Nay—there's no doubt that it's genuine—but be compoſed—doesn't Miſs Sutherland live in this houſe?

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. She does.

Alltrade. Then it dawns! it glares upon me! —Marlo—if ſhe marries, the eſtate devolves to you—are not theſe Mr. Dazzle's words!

Mrs. Dazzle. They are; and I only wiſh I had been behind him when he wrote them!

Alltrade. Well: be patient—don't deſtroy the will, becauſe that's a ſerious buſineſs (*pulling up his neckcloth*):—only conceal it till you get Juliana a huſband—then ſhe forfeits the legacy, and you become heireſs to a hundred thouſand pounds.

Mrs. Dazzle. Why that looks well—but how? ——the Captain won't marry her.

Alltrade. No, but I will; in the firſt place her being in this houſe will give me numberleſs opportunities; and in the next I am employed by Sir Hervey to raiſe five thouſand pounds for him on his bond—now if we can get Juliana to join in it, I ſhall have them both ſo completely in my power, that if I fail in the character of a lover, I may ſucceed in that of a creditor:—you underſtand.

Mrs. Dazzle. I do—excellent!—and as a reward for your trouble—

Alltrade. I only aſk a third of the eſtate.

Mrs. Dazzle. Granted—it is a bargain.

Alltrade. Say you ſo?—then let's to work inſtantly—and look here comes one who, from his influence over Sir Hervey, we muſt ſecure as a confederate.

Enter WORRY.

Mrs. Dazzle. Worry, my old acquaintance! —I give you joy of your marriage, and ſincerely wiſh you may never know the pangs of widowhood.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. And ſo do I with all my heart, Worry.

Worry. And I wiſh with all my ſoul you'd both keep your wiſhes to yourſelves. (*Aſide.*)—But I wait upon you, madam, from Sir Hervey:—from your account of Miſs Sutherland's undutiful and indiſcreet conduct, he perſiſts in not ſeeing her, and therefore while he ſtays in the country, he begs ſhe may be more cloſely confined than ever.

Mrs. Dazzle. I'll do all I can; but ſhe is ſo artful and deſigning, that for my part I don't think ſhe'll ever be ſafe till ſhe gets a huſband to protect her.

Alltrade. Nor I; and I'll tell you a ſecret, Worry—I love her, and wiſh to be that huſband: and ſince, from my humble birth and inferior ſituation, I cannot aſpire to gaining Sir Hervey's conſent, will you aid and aſſiſt the marriage?

Worry. With all my heart—the more matches the better.—When one's in a ſcrape oneſelf, nothing's ſo conſoling as to ſee all one's friends in the ſame ſituation. (*Aſide.*) I'll aſſiſt you—but about the bond—have you raiſed the five thouſand pounds?

Alltrade. No; and I deſpair of ſucceſs—the friend I applied to wants Miſs Sutherland to join.

Worry. She join! why ſhe's as poor——

Alltrade. I know—but he ſays ſhe has rich relations—may have a handſome legacy—in ſhort, it will mend the ſecurity:—therefore let Sir Hervey know, and he will ſee the neceſſity of commanding her to ſign inſtantly. (WORRY *is going.*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Good day, Worry—I ſhall be always glad to ſee you: and becauſe there's a hatchment over my door, don't fancy this is abſolutely the houſe of mourning.

Worry. No, ma'am;—I—I—(*laughing and trying to conceal it.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, what do you laugh at?—ſpeak out—you won't offend me.

Worry, Shan't I, ma'am?—then begging your pardon, you need'nt have caution'd me; for I always look on a hatchment outſide of a widow's houſe like a ſign over an inn—a certain emblem of revelry and good cheer.—And when I'm a widower—oh! oh! oh! (*ſhakes his head, ſighs, and exit.*)

Alltrade. So far, ſo well; he's in our intereſt—but to get this bond out of Sir Hervey's hands, we muſt at leaſt advance a few hundreds, and where to raiſe even thoſe—for my part I haven't a guinea.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nor I now a ſhilling!—(*ſighing*) nor do I know where to raiſe one.

Alltrade. No!

Mrs. Dazzle. No; unleſs indeed Mr. Miſt the manager of our country theatre—

Alltrade. What! the quondam ſilverſmith of Cheapſide!—he's an old friend of mine.

Mrs. Dazzle. Is he?—then you may aid my ſuit.—You muſt know, ſmitten with the love of fame, eager to acquire the reputation of wit and genius, I have written a moſt magnificent play, which of courſe I am all anxiety to ſee acted; he has already promiſed to come and read it, and if it meets with his approbation, very likely he may advance the money neceſſary to pay Sir Hervey.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. True—suppose I hasten his visit—I'll seek him instantly; and whilst you keep Juliana out of sight, I'll keep the will out of sight—(*putting will in his pocket*).—And with regard to the play, if you get money by it, depend on't you'll get reputation also; one generally follows the other.

Mrs. Dazzle. So it does—and how the case is alter'd?—formerly wits had no money, and now he that has no money has no wit; for whilst a bad joke will be applauded from the head of a great table, a good one will be lost if spoken by him who has nothing but wit to recommend him!—but away to the manager—let the war begin, and doubt not our victory! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Outside of the Theatre.*

Enter STOPGAP (*from the Box-office*).

Stopgap. Pooh—I'll sit there picking my teeth no longer;—stay for ever, there won't be a place taken; for as well as Mr. Mist might understand conducting a shop, he knows so little how to manage a theatre, that during the time I have been prompter, treasurer, box-book-keeper, and deputy manager, there have been only three boxes taken—and they were by particular friends, who thought they did him an honour by coming in with orders——psha!—I'll go——heh? who's here?—aha! a flat at last!

Enter ALLTRADE.

Stopgap. This way, Sir—there's the office—have a front row in any part of the house, Sir—

Alltrade. Sir, I want to speak to Mr. Mist—where is he? (STOPGAP *holds down his head*). Why

—Why don't you answer me?—where can I find him?

Stopgap. He's walking on the London road—you'll find him there, all anxiety, looking out for the new Harlequin whom we expect every hour by the slow waggon.

Alltrade. Expect Harlequin by the slow waggon!

Stopgap. Yes, Sir: and between you and me, 'tis high time he came; we play to shocking houses—last night to Hamlet we were obliged to make a shew, by shoving the band into the pit, the orange women into the boxes, and the door-keepers into the galleries.——Indeed no wonder at it, for Mr. Mist himself played Hamlet.

Alltrade. The old tradesman act Hamlet!

Stopgap. Even so—he always will act the best part—but here he comes, and spite of the bad houses, all bustle, life, and animation!

Enter MIST.

Mist. Damn that slow waggon—not here 'till season's over—however, fine of tol lol house to night—fine day—strong bill—nothing against—what Jack! Jack Alltrade!—why what brings you to this——oh! oh!—fly dog! written a Farce—can't get it acted in London—and so come——

Alltrade. Not I upon my honour.

Mist. What an engagement then!—what's your line? Ben, Scrub, and Caliban; or Richard, Romeo, and the tiptop—no difference though—tragedy or comedy—play which you will, Jack—sure to entertain audience—he! he! he!

Alltrade. Why 'Slife—here's an alteration!—when I last saw you, you were leaving off trade

with a capital fortune, and retiring into the country free from the cares and vexation of buſineſs.

Miſt. Hem! much you know of the matter—when I loſt care and vexation, loſt my two beſt friends.

Alltrade. Care and vexation your beſt friends!

Miſt. Yes: couldn't tell what to do with myſelf—all day long watching clock, or yawning at ſtreet door—couldn't bear it—hardly alive—thought of opening new ſhop—when one lucky day! play houſe put up at auction—always had theatrical twiſt—ſo bid handſomely—knock'd down at large ſum to be ſure—but what then? been happy ever ſince—had care and vexation in abundance—but mum—ſhan't ſtop here—London—Covent Garden—Drury Lane—they're my object!

Alltrade. Indeed!—then why not make them your object now?—why not engage London players?

Miſt. Um! (*ſnapping his fingers*)—that for London players—and that for London authors—ſoon have beſt actor and fineſt writer living—heh? know who I mean? (*mimics Harlequin.*)

Alltrade. Harlequin!

Miſt. Right—back his wooden ſword againſt their wooden heads—bring all Europe—young and old boys—little babies, and full grown babies:—and then for ſalary—only twelve ſhillings a week, and fare of ſlow waggon—whereas theſe London gentlemen, with their ten pounds a night and poſt chaiſes and four——beſides, won't do here?—don't I come from London?—don't I act Hamlet, and to what?—not enough to pay the lighting?—but can't ſtay—muſt go look after the tricks—muſt get all ſmooth 'gainſt great man's arrival.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. Nay: I've an invitation for you—Mrs. Dazzle is extremely anxious about her play, and requeſts you'd wait upon her.

Miſt. I wait!—who's manager—beſides d—d ſtuff I ſuppoſe.

Alltrade. That I can't ſay—but when I tell you, ſhe is a lady I have the greateſt regard for——

Miſt. Enough—come this evening—be there before doors open—till when, in the words of Hamlet, Remember me!

Alltrade. Hamlet!—in the words of the Ghoſt, you mean.

Miſt. Yes: but when I act Hamlet, play the Ghoſt too—always take every good ſpeech in the play and whip into my part—I'm manager—he! he! he!

Alltrade. Well, adieu—and after the reading, I'll look in at the theatre.

Miſt. Do—ſhan't coſt you a farthing—put you in at ſtage door, and ſit in my box—ſtrong bill to-night—Beggar's Opera in two acts—Filch by a gentleman of the law, being his firſt and laſt appearance on any ſtage—after which, a grand ſpectacle of my own writing, called "Gulliver the Great."—In the firſt act, all the characters will be killed—in the ſecond, introduced their executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns—but come and judge.——I ſay though, when new pantomime comes out, trouble you not to walk about the town, Jack.

Alltrade. Why?

Miſt. Why!—who'll pay to look at my clown, when they can ſee you for nothing—he! he! he!—come along, Stop. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Outside of the Caſtle.*

Enter Sir HERVEY SUTHERLAND, WORRY, *and* GEOFFRY.

Sir Hervey. 'Sdeath! how mortifying! how perplexing!—and yet, without the money, inevitable ruin follows. Are you ſure that was Mr. Alltrade's meſſage?

Worry. Yes, Sir; he cannot raiſe the five thouſand pounds unleſs Miſs Juliana joins in the bond.

Sir Hervey. Well, be it ſo.—Enter the caſtle inſtantly, and tell her 'tis by my command; the firſt and laſt requeſt her father ever will make to her—begone—[WORRY *exit.*]—And now, old man, obey my orders—let there be maſks and dancing—I cannot encounter ſolitude—that leads to thought, and thought engenders madneſs; and I muſt plunge 'midſt any ſpecies of ſociety to ſave me from myſelf: therefore, let the doors of Sutherland-houſe once more be opened, and let revelry and good cheer welcome my return.

Geoffry. I ſhall obey, Sir.

Sir Hervey. Give general invitation to my friends.

Geoffry. Your friends!—Oh, I'm glad of that, Sir—then I hope I know one who will be of the party.

Sir

Sir Hervey. Indeed! who, Geoffry?

Geoffry. With ſubmiſſion, Miſs Juliana, Sir—don't be angry—but if the title of friend admits any one into your houſe, in my mind none ought to be more welcome than your own daughter.

Sir Hervey. How! have a care, Sir.

Geoffry. Nay, you are deceived, cruelly deceived; ſhe has no hope, no wiſh beyond you: only this very morning, with tears in her eyes, ſhe exclaimed, "The day that reconciles me to "my father will be the proudeſt and the happieſt of my life!"—Theſe were her words—and now, to ſee her impriſoned!——(*pointing to the caſtle.*)

Sir Hervey (much agitated). Did ſhe—did ſhe ſay this, Geoffry?

Geoffry. She did, Sir--and at the ſame time ſhe put on ſuch a ſweet faſcinating look--exactly ſuch a one as her late mother——

Sir Hervey. Who, Sir?

Geoffry. Such a one as poor Lady Sutherland, Sir,——

Sir Hervey. Diſtraction!--you've raiſed the latent fury here; and I would ſooner preſs a viper to my breaſt than the image of a woman who had ſo wronged me.—I'll hear no more—beſides, this is all artifice—I've been informed how well ſhe loves her father; and for the impriſonment you talk of, I ſanction and approve it.—Better be even cloiſtered thus, than only come into the world to vindicate and ſhare a falſe, falſe mother's crimes.

Geoffry. What! can Mrs. Dazzle be baſe enough——

Sir Hervey. Peace, old man--on pain of your diſmiſſal utter not a word againſt that beſt of

women and of friends.--Attend me home, and inſtantly make preparation for ſplendid hoſpitality.--(*Going.*)

Geoffry. Look, Sir!--only look!--there's poor Miſs Juliana ſitting at her priſon window!--ſee, how innocent and how melancholy ſhe appears!--Suppoſe now you were juſt to ſtay and --and--and ſpeak to her, Sir.

Sir Hervey. I ſpeak!---away!--lead not my mind to thoughts that madden whilſt they charm me--No--in the huſband's wrongs I'll bury all the fond, fond feelings of the father.--(*Going, Geoffry ſtops him.*)

Geoffry. Nay, Sir, only turn and take one look at her----

Sir Hervey. I dare not--I dare not--(*ruſhes out, followed by Geoffry*).

SCENE---*An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. Oh, what a fate is mine!--a father, whom I haven't ſeen from infancy, and now ſo near me--and I'm denied the ſight of him---nay more, am told that, by his orders, this place is ſtill to be my priſon.--Oh, my mother! I feel my heart, like yours, can't long ſupport it.---(*Weeps.*)--I ſhall ſoon follow thee!

Enter WORRY.

Worry. So, there ſhe is---what a frightful, undutiful countenance!---Oh, ſhe'll ſee us all ſtarve before----Madam!

Juliana. As I live, the man that Geoffry ſpoke of---what can he want?---(*Advances towards him.*)---May I aſk---I hope Sir Hervey's well?

Worry. No, he's very ill, I'm very much obliged to you.

Juliana.

Juliana. Ill!—heavens!——what's his complaint?

Worry. An ungrateful daughter!——Your pardon, ma'am—perhaps I'm somewhat blunt—but I have lived with Sir Hervey theſe twenty years: if he has faults to others, he has none to me; and though the world deſerts him, it is my duty to ſtand or fall with him.

Juliana. Well, I applaud your zeal; but why, why charge me with ingratitude?

Worry. Becauſe you are his enemy; becauſe you take the part of her who baſely wrong'd him.

Juliana. Hold, cenſure me as much as you pleaſe; but breathe not a ſyllable againſt my mother.

Worry. There! you avow it; you juſtify——

Juliana. No—but I feel for her; I lament her fate: that conſolation Sir Hervey cannot deny me.—And let him know me before he condemns me; for how can that child be called ungrateful who never had an opportunity of evincing either her duty or affection?

Worry. How!

Juliana. I never wronged him; and even in my infancy he ſhut his doors againſt me.—I am his child; and by denying his protection, he has expoſed me to the ſelf-ſame ſnares my mother fell a martyr to.—I've not diſgraced—I've ever loved him: and let him give me but the trial—oh! let him take me to his heart; and if the careſſes of an affectionate daughter do not atone for the errors of a miſguided mother, then let him caſt me from him; but till then let him not accuſe me of ingratitude.

Worry. What! and you'd——how handſome ſhe looks!—you'd be loving and dutiful?

Juliana.

Juliana. Oh yes—I'd watch, I'd nurse him—weep as he wept, and bless each smile that cheered him; and when time had mellowed his grief into a sweet remembrance of my mother's loss, then I'd retrieve her honour in the grave;—in my unvaried truth, all, all should be forgot.—I would revive the friendship that he bore her, and she should live again in Juliana.

Worry. Bless my soul!—now only think of my not marrying such a woman!—and if he wanted money, and you had it to lend him——

Juliana. If I had millions, I would devote them all to him.

Worry. Old Geoff's right.—May I never go to Heaven if she isn't an angel!—and if the widow isn't something else, may I go somewhere else.

Juliana. Ay, Mrs. Dazzle; she is my persecutor: from the hour I accidentally interfered with her in Captain Lavish's affection, she——

Worry. Captain Lavish!—what, your father's antagonist—the man who two years ago fought him in Switzerland?

Juliana. Alas! the same.

Worry. And did you return his affection?

Juliana. What could I do?—he risked his own life to save mine—'tis but a short and simple tale.—One day, when I had liberty to ride within the precincts of the castle, my horse ran away with me, and he in stopping it broke his arm: I could do no less than confess the obligation; and since his recovery, often visiting Mrs. Dazzle, our intimacy increased, and gratitude grew into love.

Worry. And all the time did you know of the duel?

Juliana.

Juliana. No; till yesterday I never heard of it; and then I instantly informed him, that though Sir Hervey neglected his duty to me, I could never forget mine to him, and nothing should induce me to receive that man as a lover, who designed to be the murderer of my father. (WORRY *crosses her as if going*)—Why, what's the matter?—where are you going?

Worry. To Sir Hervey; to bid him remove you from the protection of a hypocrite, and place you under his own.

Juliana. Oh, will you—will you be so generous? Indeed in this castle I am not safe a moment.

Worry. No—nor any body else; for the roof will tumble in to a certainty; but I'll go directly: and if I fail, and the war continues—let the enemy look to it—I've served many a hard campaign, and though not lately in the battles abroad, thanks to Mrs. Worry I've seen pretty warm service at home; and sooner than you should remain under the rod of a tyrant, I'd storm the castle, and revive the age of chivalry:—yes—I would—I "Will Worry," the married man!—So retire, and wait my coming, madam,—I'll not be long.

Juliana. I'm sure you will not: and pray remind my father, that I have suffered in my turn; that we are partners in calamity, and by meeting we might divide and dissipate each other's woes.—Tell him—but you know my thoughts, and to your conduct I commit a cause on which my hope, my happiness, my life depends!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE—*Another Apartment in the Caſtle,* Mrs. DAZZLE *and* MIST *diſcovered ſitting at a Table*—MIST *with a Manuſcript in his Hand.*

Mrs. Dazzle. Now then, Mr. MIST—now begin the play: but remember, I haven't quite finiſhed it.

Miſt (reading). "*Mary Queen of Scots, a* "*grand heroic drama; with new ſcenes, new* "*dreſſes, new decorations, new*"—hem: that's my affair—I'm manager——

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, certainly, Sir——

Miſt (reading). "*Scene the firſt—a room in a* "*Caſtle—the Duke of Norfolk diſcovered with a* "*key in his hand. The Duke*—Now, by my "holy dame, with this ſame key, Jockey of "Norfolk, thou'lt unlock the gate of Scottiſh "Mary's priſon!—*He unlocks the gate and leads* "*forth Mary*—Beſhrew me, but your ſafe, and "ſo good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!"—(MIST *lays down the play, and riſes:*) Won't do—won't bring ſixpence—refuſe it—I refuſe it!

Mrs. Dazzle. How! why I flattered myſelf I had caught the true Shakſperian fire.

Miſt. And ſuppoſe you had—what then?—played Hamlet laſt night under ten pounds; and I ſay that's a bad play that brings a bad houſe. —Harlequin and Abraham Newland—they're the only pulling writers, except indeed the Germans; and there!—there I'm beforehand with the Londoners—mum—mine's a German Harlequin—he!—he!—However, try another page —if that's not better, don't you finiſh play—audience will finiſh it for you. (*Reads play:*)

"*Enter Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh.*——
"*The Queen*—Go to—we'll nip'em i'the bud.
"—Why

" —Why, how now, rebels!—for this treacherous queen, convey her to the tower—and there, good Burleigh—You take the hint—Away!—Burleigh *carries off* Mary, *and*"——(*here* MIST *is interrupted by loud rattling at stage door*)—You hear—applauſe interrupts us.

Mrs. Dazzle. Who can it be?—dear! was there ever any thing ſo unlucky?

Miſt. Not at all; for this relief much thanks—(*taking up his hat and cane*).—Decided, in my opinion—firſt night diſapprobation—ſecond, under expences—third, nobody but the author.—Yours, devotedly yours.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay, I inſiſt you don't ſtir (*noiſe at door again*).—You hear!—do only be kind enough to ſtep into the next room, and I'll get rid of this intruſive perſon in a moment: come now, indulge an anxious author; and conſider though it don't read, it may act well.

Miſt. That's true; nothing reads worſe than pantomime; but in repreſentation!—Oh gods! and goddeſſes!—give me the manuſcript—I'll indulge you (*takes the play*)—one—two—only four acts!—never mind—if play's bad, leſs of bad thing the better—if good, I and my copyiſt ſoon cobble up fifth act for you—but I'm gone—(*Going, returns*) Mum! ever ſee Gulliver the Great!—that was our writing—to be ſure audience damn'd it the firſt night, but what then?—Theatre's mine!—ſo gave 'em a doſe of it; acted it fifty nights running—revenged myſelf there—he! he! he!—and in like manner always will maintain dignity!—always, as long as I'm P. M., Peter Miſt—and M. P. manager of a play houſe! [*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Now then, for this tormentor ——(*opens door, and enter* JULIANA)—You Miſs!—how dare you——

Juliana. Oh, madam!—I'm ſo terrified!—even now Mr. Alltrade, a total ſtranger, propoſed marriage to me; and told me that, aided by his own merit and your intereſt, he didn't doubt of ſucceſs,—Nay, on my refuſing him, he abſolutely threatened to uſe force.

Mrs. Dazzle. And on this account you fled from him?

Juliana. I did, madam: and I entreat you to protect and ſave me.

Mrs. Dazzle. Baſe, worthleſs girl!—then know Mr. Alltrade ſpoke truth; he is the man I have ſelected for your huſband.

Juliana. Heavens! and can you mean——

Mrs. Dazzle. I mean you ſhould be his wife! and till you conſent, your chamber ſhall be your priſon—

Juliana (falling at her feet). Oh, for mercy!—Look at me—I am friendleſs, fatherleſs!

Mrs. Dazzle. And who have you to thank for it?—Yes: 'tis as I ſaid—Captain Laviſh has taught you to deſpiſe marriage, and copy the example of her who made you fatherleſs.

Juliana. What! do you allude to——

Mrs. Dazzle. I do—and beware, Miſs—dare not to imitate ſuch falſe, abandoned conduct.

Juliana. Abandoned!

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: would you juſtify it?—have you the audacity to vindicate deeds the moſt licentious!—actions——

Juliana (riſing). Were you the being that I moſt reſpect—were you my father!—I'd tell you it is falſe!—Licentious!—oh, had my illfated

mother

mother poſſeſſed one atom that reſembled you, I'd tear her image from my heart, or die!

Mrs. Dazzle. Take care, or——

Juliana. Oh, ſhame! ſhame!—is this the protection I might expect from one of my own ſex?—Men would betray us; let us not betray each other! and while ſhe whom you cenſure might meet with pity and forgiveneſs, what can the female ſeducer expect?—the ſcorn of one ſex, the abhorrence of the other.

Mrs. Dazzle. Begone!—retire to your chamber—nay, no reply;—I will be obeyed—(*walks up the ſtage in a rage*).

Enter WORRY.

Juliana (running haſtily up to him). Oh! have you ſeen my father?—will he, will he take pity on me?

Worry. Alas, madam!—I can do nothing for you.

Juliana. What! he perſiſts!

Worry. Moſt obſtinately: he ſays your offer of advancing money is no more than your duty, and what a parent has a lawful claim to.

Juliana. Then may he feel——but he's deceived, and I forgive him.

Mrs. Dazzle (coming down ſtage). Not gone yet!—Do as I command: to your chamber I inſiſt—(*takes* JULIANA *by the arm and leads her to ſtage door*—JULIANA *exit.*)—And you, Worry, as you've kindly undertaken to aſſiſt Mr. Alltrade, go to him inſtantly; tell him Miſs Sutherland has ſo groſsly inſulted me, that I've no longer any conſcientious ſcruples, and if he chooſes to ſecure the marriage by carrying her off—

Worry. Carrying her off!

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: force will be the ſhorteſt mode: ſo bid him come in a poſt-chaiſe to the weſtern gate, whilſt I go and make ſure of my priſoner.—Away—loſe not a moment, and tell him I'll anſwer for the ſucceſs of the enterprize. [*Exit.*

Worry. I go to Mr. Alltrade!—I aid—bleſs my ſoul!—No wonder ſhe's a widow—If ſhe married every morning, her huſband would die before night:—but I will aid in carrying her off—I'll go directly and get aſſiſtance—I'll entreat the firſt man I meet to join with me:—and let Sir Hervey condemn, or, what's more tremendous, let Mrs. Worry ſcold me, I know I'm doing my duty!—So in ſpite of wives, widows, and devils, I'll ſecure her eſcape, and ſtill try to reſtore her to her father. (*Going.*)

Re-enter MIST *(with the Play in his hand).*

Miſt. Oh, it won't do—'twill be damn'd.

Worry. Now pray take pity—pray give your aſſiſtance, Sir:—there's the ſweeteſt young lady juſt lock'd into that room, and if you would but help to releaſe her——

Miſt. How! what! young lady lock'd up! and I help to releaſe her!—pooh—nonſenſe!—what's her caſe!—And me—why apply to me?

Worry. Becauſe I'm ſure you will befriend us—and if you did but know how well ſhe had conducted herſelf!—how charmingly ſhe had acted her part—

Miſ. What! acted her part!

Worry. Ay! no woman ever acted better:—ſuch ſenſe! ſuch feeling, Sir!—and now when ſhe is ſo ready to engage herſelf—

Miſt. Ready to engage!---oh, ho--comprehend now---lock'd up to keep her from the ſtage, and

and apply to me 'cauſe I'm Manager—he! he! ---Hark ye; how's her voice?

Worry. Delightful.

Miſt. And her action?

Worry. Graceful.

Miſt. And her figure?

Worry. Beautiful.

Miſt. Damme ſhe'll do my buſineſs till Harlequin comes! Say no more---my houſe is open —I'll give her an appearance.

Worry. What!---you'll get her out!

Miſt. To be ſure I will---in what part ſhe likes beſt--tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime!--And you!--want a clown---you ſhall play clown--alſo if you're married! don't reply --ſee it by your chin--give you and your wife freedom--perpetual free admiſſion.—But now for it--now to plan plot.——Hem!--Here is the author.

Enter (from folding doors) Mrs. DAZZLE.

Mrs. Dazzle. (locking doors and putting the key in her pocket). So now Juliana's ſafe, and I get my huſband's eſtate.—Oh, Worry, have you ſeen Mr. Alltrade?

Worry (confuſed). Hey! yes--I've ſeen Mr. Alltrade, and he'll be here with the chaiſe directly.

Miſt (reading play). "Burleigh carries off Mary."

Mrs. Dazzle. What! no further, Mr. Miſt? --I ſuppoſe you're thinking of the effect, Mr. Manager?

Worry. Mr. Manager!--Oh! I underſtand now--

Miſt. Yes; but can't tell without rehearſal---cannot judge unleſs I ſaw it on the boards---Let

me ſee--there's the priſon gate--(*pointing to folding doors*):--you are Jockey Norfolk--no I'm Jockey——I'll tell you what--ſuppoſe we give it a trial!

Mrs. Dazzle. A trial! what a rehearſal now in this room?--Delightful!--I ſhould like it of all things.

Miſt. So ſhould I--then liſten--I'll play Norfolk--you Queen Elizabeth--

Mrs. Dazzle. He, Burleigh--(*pointing to* WORRY).

Worry. Who the devil's Burleigh--

Mrs. Dazzle. And for Mary--dear! dear! where ſhall we get a Mary?

Miſt. Tell you--all in way of rehearſal--young lady you juſt lock'd in--ſhe's in ſame ſituation you know.

Mrs. Dazzle. So ſhe is--here, Worry!--here's an excellent opportunity to take her to Mr. Alltrade. (*Aſide to* WORRY, *who nods to her ſignificantly.*---I declare I ca'nt help laughing.

Miſt. No more can I:--Oh damme, I ſee it will produce an effect now?---give me the key (Mrs DAZZLE *gives it him*).---All to our ſeparate places, and let rehearſal begin.--Enter Duke of Norfolk. (*Puts himſelf in a mock tragic attitude, and ſpeaks bombaſtically.*) "Now! by my "holy dame, with this ſame key, Jockey of "Norfolk, thou'lt unlock the gate of Scottiſh "Mary's priſon. (*Unlocks folding doors, and leads "out* JULIANA).--Beſhrew me, but you're ſafe, "and ſo good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!"

Mrs. Dazzle (*alſo ſpeaking bombaſtically*). "Go to--we'll nip 'em in the bud--Why, how "now, rebels?---For this treacherous Queen—"(*ſeizing* JULIANA, *and delivering her to*

"WORRY;

" WORRY; *who puts himself in a tragic atti-*
" *tude*)--convey her to the tower!--and there,
" good Burleigh--You take the hint--Away!"

Miſt. Ay:--You take the hint!--Away!

Worry. Oh yes:—I take the hint—Away! (*Exit with* JULIANA).

Mrs. Dazzle. Bravo!—will it meet with diſapprobation now?—

Miſt. No—it muſt be a very illnatured audience indeed, that don't applaud ſo ingenious an exit.—

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: there's authorſhip for you!

Miſt. Egad, and there's management for you!

Mrs. Dazzle. Remember, Sir, but for me theſe characters wouldn't have been brought on the ſtage.

Miſt. No; and but for you they wouldn't have been got off the ſtage: but now to get Norfolk off——Muſt follow new actreſs.—(*Aſide.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Stop! I'll tell you; Elizabeth firſt turns her back upon him—then Norfolk makes a long harangue—then——

Miſt. Pſha! hang long harangues,—touch and go,—that's the plan for effect; I'll ſhew you how to do Norfolk's exit!—firſt turn your back on me P. S.—(Mrs. DAZZLE *turns her back on him.*)—So, then I ſtrut off O. P.—Gently—don't turn round till I'm gone: then work yourſelf into a furious paſſion.—Mary, I fly!—I follow thee! and ſo, good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!—Hem,—there's another good exit!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the old fool! how I ſhall wheedle him!

Enter Sir HERVEY *and* ALLTRADE.

Sir Hervey. Madam!

Mrs. Dazzle. Is he gone! now then to work myſelf into a furious paſſion—(*turns round.*)—thou wretch! thou traitor!—How! Sir Hervey!—Mr.——Heavens! have you ſeen nothing of Miſs Sutherland?—(*to* ALLTRADE).

Alltrade. No; and Sir Hervey has brought the bond on purpoſe for me to preſent to her, and now, to our aſtoniſhment, we find ſhe and Worry have juſt gone out of the caſtle together:—what can it mean?

Mrs. Dazzle. Mean! (*burſts into tears*)—that I am wheedl'd myſelf.—Oh that brute of a manager!—Sir Hervey, 'tis too plain—ſhe has elop'd.—

Sir Hervey. Elop'd!

Mrs. Dazzle. No doubt ſhe has fled to Captain Laviſh; and theſe two impoſtors are his agents.—oh, I ſee it all! ſhe has long intended it; and to avoid ſigning the bond, ſhe has haſtened her departure.

Sir Hervey. Elope with Laviſh, why this outdoes her mother:—but can I ſtand idly by?—no—I'll diſappoint my enemy of this unmanly triumph, and ſave her; ſpite of herſelf I'll ſave her—Mr. Alltrade, wait upon him inſtantly, and bid him reſtore my daughter on pain of a ſecond and more deſperate meeting.—Come, madam, we'll ſee him on his way.

Mrs. Dazzle. By all means, Sir Hervey: I only hope you don't blame me for my pupil's indiſcretion.

Sir Hervey. No: had ſhe occupied your bright and excellent example, this ne'er had happened—but though her errors even exceed her mother's,

and

and a reconciliation is more than ever diſtant, yet ſhe is ſtill my child!—and in a moment dangerous as the preſent, for my own ſake I'll prove a friend and father. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—*An apartment in* LAVISH'S *Houſe—Receſs with ſmall Folding Doors, which are thrown open, and diſcover a Marble Pedeſtal ſurrounded by Doves and Cupids—a Table with Wine and Refreſhments upon it.*

Enter FRANK *and a* WORKMAN.

Frank. Ha! ha! ſo you've no ſooner finiſhed that whimſical out-of-the-way job (*pointing to the receſs*)—than he ſends for you about another.

Workman. Ay, your maſter is an excellent cuſtomer,—always up to his chin in brick and mortar; and then for price—'gad! he never haggles about price.

Frank. No, and the beſt of the joke is, he calls himſelf an economiſt, and comes down here on a ſaving ſcheme.

Workman. A ſaving ſcheme!

Frank. Ay! finding himſelf a little out of elbows in London, and the preſent ſtate of the Continent not allowing him to travel, he came here

here to live cheap, and retrench.—And there! (*pointing to recess again*)—there's one specimen of his economy.—On the journey he bought a statue of Venus.

Workman. I know; and a great bargain it was: it only cost him five pounds.

Frank. True; but not choosing to have his beauties gazed at, he employed you to build that strange sort of recess to put it in, which has cost him at least five times the sum.—This is always the way; if he bought a cheap boat, he'd cut a canal for it; and if a pulpit, he'd build a church for it:—in fact, he is a false economist—a self-deceiver; and here he comes to elucidate my description.

Enter LAVISH.

Lavish. Oh! if I go on in this close saving way only six months longer, I shall be able to return to town and dash like the best of them: —never was such a hand at buying bargains.—Frank, come here you rogue:—just now, at Squire Brozier's sale, what do you think I gave for a curricle?—only forty pounds!—there, there's economy for you.

Frank. Economy!—begging your pardon, Sir, —I see no economy in buying what you don't want.

Lavish. How?—would you let a bargain slip through your fingers, you extravagant rascal?

Frank. No—but you've no horses, Sir; and a curricle's useless——

Lavish. That's what I said: says I, a curricle is useless without horses,—so I bought a pair directly.

Frank. Bought a pair?

Lavish.

Laviſh. Ay, gave a hundred and twenty pounds for them—to be ſure it's money; but one's own carriage ſaves poſting and drivers: in ſhort, the worſt come to the worſt, 'tis but a hundred and fifty pounds, and I'll ſave it a thouſand ways.—Who are you, Sir? (*to Workman.*)

Workman. I have finiſh'd that job, all but fixing up the ſtatue, Sir; and now I come about the billiard-room:—but, to ſpeak honeſtly, it is not worth repairing.

Laviſh. So I thought; I thought it wasn't worth repairing.

Workman. No, Sir; and a new room will not coſt above three hundred pounds:—but then to be ſure it will be elegant and laſting.

Laviſh. So it will, and the firſt expence is the leaſt; ſo up with the new room.—(*Workman exit.*)—And now to finiſh my vindication to Juliana—(*Sits at the table and writes*):—"Your "late mother was not only my relation, but my "friend and benefactreſs; and on Sir Hervey's "one day reprobating her conduct with unuſual "aſperity, gratitude prompted me to defend it "perhaps more warmly than I ought, and a duel "was the reſult."—(*Knocking at the door.*)—See who's there.—(FRANK *exit.*)—But what ſignifies writing? while ſhe's immured in her preſent den, I haven't a chance of ſucceſs.—Mrs. Dazzle formerly ſeduced me into ſome gallantries, and a diſappointed widow is the devil.

Re-enter FRANK *laughing.*

Frank. Sir, I beg pardon for laughing; but who do you think is at the door?—no leſs a gentleman than the one you caned at Newmarket about four years ago.

Laviſh.

Laviſh. Caned!—Oh! I recollect—I detected him in an act of forgery.—But what does the fellow want?—I don't know his name, nor have I once ſeen him ſince.

Frank. No; and though he now aſks for Captain Laviſh, he little thinks you are the gentleman he is under ſuch obligations to.

Laviſh. Shew him up (FRANK *exit*);—introduce the Newmarket gentleman to his two old antagoniſts the Captain and his cane.—And, in the mean time---(*Sits at table and takes up pen again.*)

Enter FRANK *and* ALLTRADE.

Frank. This way, Sir—there, that's my maſter (*pointing to* LAVISH, *whoſe back is turned towards* ALLTRADE).

Alltrade. Oh, that's Captain Laviſh, is it?—Sir, I wait upon you——

Laviſh (*not regarding him*). Yes, the widow is ſo jealous and ſo violent.—(*Turns round.*)—How d'ye do, my fine fellow?—how d'ye do?—My Newmarket hero ſure enough.—(*Aſide*).

Alltrade (*trembling*). Amazement! why it's the very man who——

Laviſh. What's the matter?—you ſeem cold—ſhall I warm you?

Alltrade. Warm me!—no—I——

Laviſh. Some wine—give the gentleman ſome wine.—This is the houſe of frugality, and therefore I can't offer you a great variety; but as far as Burgundy, Madeira, and Champagne---muſt drink them, if I ſave it a thouſand ways.

Alltrade. Sir, you'll excuſe me.——Why ſurely I've miſtaken my man—he would never be ſo civil: at all events he don't recollect me; ſo I'll

I'll pluck up courage.—(*Aſide.*)——Sir, I wait upon you from Sir Hervey Sutherland: he arrived here to-day, and knowing of your love for his daughter——

Laviſh. Came down to encreaſe her confinement, I ſuppoſe.

Alltrade. No trifling, Sir; he is convinced you are concerned in her elopement——

Laviſh. Elopement!—how!—what!—Juliana eloped?

Alltrade. You know ſhe has, Sir; and Sir Hervey inſiſts——

Laviſh. Eloped!—Juliana free!—out of the widow's and her father's cuſtody!—Which way did ſhe go?—what road did ſhe take?—ſpeak, ſpeak this inſtant.

Alltrade. I ſpeak!—if I knew, of courſe you would be the laſt man I ſhould give information to.

Laviſh. Indeed!

Alltrade. Certainly—Sir Hervey is my friend, and if his daughter isn't at preſent in your power, I ſhall unite with him in oppoſing your purſuit of her.

Laviſh. You will!

Alltrade. Undoubtedly.

Laviſh. Pray, Sir, were you ever at Newmarket?

Alltrade. Newmarket, Sir!--I--I——

Laviſh. Ay, Newmarket, Sir, Newmarket.--Frank, give me my cane.

Alltrade. Stay, Sir--what do you want with your cane?

Laviſh. (*taking cane from* FRANK). Only to help your memory.--Look!--(*ſhaking it*)--were you ever at Newmarket?

Alltrade.

Alltrade (*bowing*). Yes, I was, Sir.

Laviſh. And you'll oppoſe me in purſuing——

Alltrade. No, believe me, Sir.

Laviſh. And if you knew which road ſhe took——

Alltrade. I'd tell you, upon my honour, Sir.

Laviſh. Then retire--begone this inſtant——And d'ye hear, if you're not ſatisfied with this treatment, call again, and I'll give you a warmer reception--(*ſhaking his cane,* ALLTRADE *exit.*)--And now for Juliana--now for the idol of my ſoul!--Frank, get the curricle: no, I ſhall only hurry and lame my own horſes--get a chaiſe and four.

Frank. Chaiſe and four!--is this the way to retrench?--and conſider, Sir, Miſs Sutherland has no money; and you always ſaid you'd never marry any woman who had leſs than ten thouſand pounds.

Laviſh. I did: but that's an awkward ſum: a woman with ten thouſand pounds expects houſes, horſes, carriages--in ſhort, to ſpend double her own income, and her huſband's too. But a woman without a farthing; ſhe manages the houſe, mends the linen, nurſes the children, ſcolds the ſervants--Oh! that's the real rich wife--and the poor Juliana will be the beſt bargain I ever made.--So go, do as I tell you: and obſerve, I'll marry her if I ſacrifice my whole fortune in the purſuit.

Frank. Sacrifice your whole fortune, Sir!

Laviſh. Ay, I will, if I ſave it a thouſand ways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE--*Outſide of* LAVISH's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. DAZZLE--*her hat and cloak on.*

Mrs. Dazzle. So, now to enter this perfidious Captain's houſe.---Not only love and jealouſy urge

urge me to ſeparate him and Juliana; but as I know he don't mean to marry her, it is my buſineſs to get her once more into Alltrade's power: --yes, Miſs Juliana; let me recover my huſband's hundred thouſand pounds, and I'll warrant I'll recover my Captain. He, like the reſt of the world, won't viſit virtue in a cottage, but place me in a magnificent houſe,--ay, there's the ſecret: --now-a-days people viſit the building, not the owner of it; and on the ſize of the rooms, and number of the entertainments, we may not only calculate our friends and admirers, but alſo the good and bad opinion of the whole faſhionable world!

[*Exit into* LAVISH's *houſe.*

Enter WORRY *and* JULIANA.

Juliana. Look out; we are purſued:---I'm ſure they were Mrs. Dazzle's ſervants.

Worry. They were! but we've outrun them.

Juliana. Yes: but if they come up with us, I ſhall be forced back and endure encreaſed perſecution:---Oh! I wiſh we were ſafe at this Mr. MIST's houſe.

Worry. So do I:---though you ſee what a ſtrange gentleman he is! he left us to examine the firſt ſlow waggon we met; but don't deſpond, madam:--I won't leave you--no, I'll die firſt.

Juliana. Kind--generous! but I cannot bear to involve you: remember you have a wife, and--

Worry. Remember!--I ſhall never forget it!

Juliana. Nay: but a huſband is of ſo much conſequence to his family--

Worry. Bleſs you, I'm of no conſequence; nobody ever wants me:--if any body leaves a

card, it's for Mrs. Worry:—if any body sends an invitation, it's for Mrs. Worry:—if an invitation is sent in return, it's ſtill Mr. Worry: nobody calls or aſks after the huſband, except indeed the tradeſ-people!—they are kind enough now and then to notice me; but like other great married men, I'm obliged to be out when they call; ſo curſe me if I've even the pleaſure of being at home to a dun! but we waſte time, let us proceed to Mr. Miſt's houſe.

Juliana. Ay; for Heaven's ſake diſpatch—

Alltrade. (*without*). You take that ſide of the road, I'll take this;—ſhe cannot eſcape then.

Juliana. There, 'tis Mr. Alltrade's voice!—and both ſides of the road are guarded by enemies.

Worry. Yes: it's all over—we're between two fires.—Which way ſhall we go?—*Pointing to* LAVISH's *door:*) that door ſtands moſt invitingly open, ſuppoſe we enter it.

Juliana. Do—inſtantly: why, what's the matter? you were quite valiant juſt now!

Worry. I was: but I fancy my courage is more like a new acquaintance than an old friend, —profeſſes a great deal at firſt, but generally ſneaks off in the hour of danger: however, lead on—and let us hope to receive from ſtrangers that protection which friends have denied us.

[*Exeunt into* LAVISH's *houſe.*

Enter ALLTRADE.

Alltrade. So—there ſhe goes into Captain LAVISH's houſe: brave, Miſs JULIANA!—and there ſhe may ſtay for me; I'll to Sir Hervey inſtantly, and let him come himſelf and fight it out: for all the legacies regiſtered in Doctors Commons

Commons ſhould not induce me to re-enter thoſe doors and receive another warm reception!

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*Inſide* LAVISH's *houſe, receſs, &c. as in firſt Scene of this Act.*

Enter LAVISH *and* Mrs. DAZZLE.

Laviſh. Now you've ſearched every part of the houſe; now are you ſatisfied Miſs Sutherland is not concealed in it?—'Sdeath! to detain me at ſuch a moment—! (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. No:—ſhe's not in the houſe I grant you; but the chaiſe! the chaiſe and four!—pray, moſt economical Captain, do you uſually travel with four horſes?

Laviſh. Always:—it's by far the cheapeſt plan; it ſhortens the journey, ſaves ſtopping at inns; in ſhort, the additional ſhilling is no object, and if I had but ten pounds a-year, I'd always travel with four horſes:—and now, my dear widow, allow me to ſee you home.

Mrs. Dazzle. Take care, Sir:—diſappointed love knows no bounds; and recollect it is in my power to expoſe you to my rival:—I have your letters in my poſſeſſion,—letters in which you laugh and rail at marriage:—letters—

Laviſh. Nay, be patient.—There now! this it is to be dragooned into an attachment,—ſhe has me, by all that's frugal!—(*Aſide.*)—Come then, ſit down, and let us drink to the revival of our friendſhip!—See: here's famous Madeira!—ay: you may ſtare: but this too is on the cheapeſt plan I promiſe you, for while it takes two bottles of port to make me drunk, one of Madeira does it completely.—So here's to the

rival—(*tapping hard at ſtage door P. S.*)—Why, what's that? ha!

Mrs. Dazzle. Mercy!—ſomebody's coming!—for heaven's ſake don't let me be ſeen—I'll ſtep into this room—(*Goes to the ſtage door O. P. and tapping hard there*).

Worry (*outſide the door*). Madam, where are you, madam?

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, what is all this?—it is done on purpoſe to expoſe me!—Oh, Mr. Laviſh! if you have either feeling or gallantry, think of my ſituation: a widow only a fortnight, and to be detected alone in a Captain's houſe!—

Laviſh. Well! ſtep into that receſs—quick, quick—(Mrs. DAZZLE *in her hurry drops her cloak, then enters receſs, and* LAVISH *faſtens the door upon her*).—So—there I have you faſt; and now—(*taking his cane from the table*).

Juliana (*outſide the door P. S.*) Mr. Worry, why don't you anſwer? me, my dear Mr. Worry.

Laviſh. Damme, I'll Worry you—I'll anſwer you (*opens door and enter* JULIANA): Heaven's! Miſs Sutherland!

Juliana. Mr. Laviſh! I beg pardon, Sir:—when I took refuge in this houſe, I little thought to meet you.—Good day, Sir. (*Going.*)

Laviſh. What! now—the very moment that I've found you?

Juliana. What can I do, Mr. Laviſh! I own I owe you obligations—nay, more—I confeſs I could have loved you:—but I have told you my determination—you are my father's enemy—therefore we cannot be friends;—farewel, Sir!

Laviſh.

Laviſh. Mighty well, madam, mighty well! —but this isn't your real motive—you love another: you love this Mr. Worry!—anſwer me candidly, ma'am!—did he not run away with you?

Juliana. He did!—but——

Laviſh. He did!—then may I run into every ſpecies of extravagance, if when I catch him, I don't give him the Newmarket flourish (*ſhaking his cane*).—Where is he?—where is this Mr. Worry?

Enter WORRY.

Worry. Here at your ſervice, Sir.

Laviſh. This my rival!—this antient, wizen, dowager-like—Don't be unmanly, Laviſh!—never ſtrike an old woman I intreat you (*throwing away his cane*).—Beſides now I look at him, it is! 'tis Sir Hervey's—you dear, amiable, agreeable:—one Mrs. WORRY is ſufficient for you, or the devil's in't.

Worry. Very likely, Sir: but if you have no rival in an old woman, as you pleaſe to call me, I fancy Miſs Sutherland has! when I liſtened at the door, I'll ſwear I heard the widow's voice.

Laviſh. The widow!—no, Juliana—I can prove myſelf as great an economiſt in love as in money.

Worry. Are you ſure you can, Sir?

Laviſh. Sure!—if ſince the hour I firſt beheld her, I haven't meaſured every thought, hoarded every look!—ſtored——

Worry (*pointing to Mrs.* DAZZLE's *cloak on the ground*). Pray, Sir, who does that cloak belong to?

Lavish. That cloak!——Oh that cloak is one of my bargains.

Worry. Is it? then you buy very dear bargains, I fancy.—Look, madam,—(*taking up cloak*) isn't it Mrs. Dazzle's?

Juliana. It is—and since this confirms what I have long ſuſpected, I have now an additional motive for avoiding you.—Mr. Lavish, we never meet again.—Come (*to* WORRY.)

Worry (*to* LAVISH). I ſay, if you don't hoard your money better than your love, never think of matrimony—you'll find it too expenſive a baargain for you, I promiſe you. (*Going.*)

Sir Harvey Sutherland (*without*). Where is he?—where is Captain Lavish?

Lavish. Sir Hervey!—Slife! what brings him here?

Juliana. My father!—oh Heavens!—and to find me under the roof of his enemy——

Worry. And me alſo!—Mrs. Worry herſelf couldn't terrify me more.—Come along, madam, and let's leave the Captain to ſtand the brunt.——

Juliana. Ay: loſe not a moment.—And oh, Mr. Lavish! as this is the laſt time we ſhall ever meet, remember the parting words of her you once regarded—Pacify my father, do not incenſe him—be his friend, and 'ſpite of your falſhood and unkindneſs, you may ſtill be mine.

Worry. And mine—ha! ha! there's another bad baargain for him!

(JULIANA *exit*—WORRY *is following, when* LAVISH *lays hold of him and prevents his going*). Holloa! what's the matter?

Enter

Enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. So, Mr. Lavish; 'tis still doomed that we're to meet as enemies—where is Miss Sutherland, Sir?

Lavish. Sir Hervey, on the honour of a gentleman, I know nothing of your daughter's elopement; for any further information I refer you to Mr. Worry (*pushing* WORRY *forwards*). I say, who has the best of the bargain now?

Sir Hervey. 'Sdeath! I've a great mind—(*advancing towards* WORRY, *and stopping*)—but he is only agent,—to you as principal, I look for reparation and redress.—Hear me, Sir—Mrs. Dazzle, a lady of the strictest truth and honour—the first informed me of your infamous designs, and now—not half an hour ago, a friend, on whose word I can equally rely, saw Miss Sutherland enter this very house: therefore there is no alternative but this—instantly restore her, or you guess the result.—

Lavish. I do—but I'll waste no more powder, Sir Hervey.

Sir Hervey. How?

Lavish. No: dying is certainly a cheap mode of living, and to a man in desperate circumstances, a duel may be a good saving scheme: but having hoarded enough to make life comfortable, why I'm a curst fool if I don't save it a thousand ways. (*Sits down*).

Sir Hervey. Poor, paltry prevarication!—Remember, Mr. Lavish, we were once friends—I treated you as a son—you esteemed me as a parent—and what dissolved that friendship?—you chose to vindicate the honour of a false

falſe wife, and call me to the field—did I not come?

Laviſh. You did, Sir.

Sir Harvey. And now where is your conſiſtency?—you would bring my daughter to the ſame degraded ſtate; you would reduce her to the level of her mother; and when an injured father aſks for ſatisfaction, you refuſe to give it him—what is this but cowardice? plain unequivocal cowardice!

Laviſh. Cowardice! ill as Miſs Sutherland has treated me, I never meant to raiſe my arm againſt her father:—but when you allude to the memory of her I owe ſuch obligations to, and ſay I would reduce her daughter to the ſame degraded ſtate—'tis paſt bearing—I can't endure it! and you may ſhoot me as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Sir Harvey. Here are the weapons then—(*putting piſtol into* LAVISH's *hand*).

Worry. Hold, Sir; he is innocent, Miſs Sutherland is ſlandered!—the lady your friend ſaw enter this houſe was a very different perſon—it was the widow, indeed it was the widow!

Sir Harvey. Mrs. Dazzle?

Worry. Ay: 'tis ſhe that carries on an amour with the Captain; and though I can't produce her to prove it, I can at leaſt produce a part of her;—look, Sir—do you ſee this cloak?

Sir Harvey. Away! 'tis my unfeeling daughter's, and the ſight ſo heightens my reſentment—Come, Sir, wrongs like mine will brook no more delay, and you muſt either meet a coward's or a villain's fate.——

Laviſh. Coward again!—Come, then—here's my ground! (*goes up ſtage.*)

Worry

Worry (*ſtopping Sir* HERVEY). Don't think me impertinent Sir—but while you as a man of honour think it your duty to fight a duel, I as an honeſt man think it mine to prevent it!—it's the widow! upon my ſoul, it's the widow! (*holding Sir* HERVEY's *arm who ſtruggles to get it looſened.*

Sir Hervey. Diſtraction!—nay then—thus—(*throws* WORRY *violently from him, who, falling againſt doors of receſs, they burſt open and* Mrs. DAZZLE *is diſcovered ſtanding on the pedeſtal ſurrounded by doves, &c.*)

Worry (*who has fallen at her feet, ſtill looking up in her face.*) It's the widow!—upon my ſoul it's the widow!

Sir Hervey. Amazement!—can that be Mrs. Dazzle!

Laviſh. No—it's a ſtatue—you ſee it's a ſtatue.

(*Mrs.* DAZZLE *riſes, walks quickly down the ſtage and exit.*)

Worry. Halloa! won't you take your cloak along with you? you'll want it to cover your ſins!

Sir Hervey. Hypocrite! I now view her in her true colours, and I am doomed to be the dupe of woman.—Mr. Laviſh, I ſee my friend was miſtaken, and I acknowledge I have wronged you.

Laviſh. Pſha!—I want no acknowledgment—if you wiſh to make me amends, ſtay and dine with me—mine is the ſyſtem of economy, and as I can't lay out money to better advantage than in entertaining an old friend, I'll give you a dinner

fit

fit for the court of Aldermen—I will, if I ſave it a thouſand ways.

Sir Hervey. Excuſe me, Sir—your innocence on the preſent occaſion will not do away former injuries; nor will Mrs. Dazzle's bad conduct be an apology for my daughter's.—No!—whilſt I thought love the cauſe of her elopement, it was my duty to purſue and ſave her:—but ſince I ſee ſelf-intereſt is the motive, and that ſhe fled to avoid ſigning an inſtrument which would have ſaved me from diſgrace, and not have injured her—I ſhall no longer condeſcend to ſeek her.

Worry. 'Tis no ſuch thing, Sir—and if you will go to her at Mr. Miſt's houſe—

Sir Hervey. Peace!—and inſtantly attend me home, where, if the account of your own conduct prove not ſatisfactory—(WORRY *attempts to ſpeak*).—Nay, this is no place for explanation—go on before—Mr. Laviſh, I have the honour to wiſh you good evening! (WORRY *and Sir* HERVEY *exeunt.*)

Laviſh. Here's bad reckoning!—'tis well I calculate better in money matters. But what's to be done!—he ſaid ſhe was gone to Mr. Miſt's;—well! if I follow her, ſhe won't ſee me;—if I write to her, ſhe won't anſwer my letter.—Oh! ſhe's loſt!—Juliana's loſt to me for ever!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Sir, is the chaiſe to wait?

Laviſh (*not regarding him*). And yet,—if I could gain an interview,——hark'ye, Frank—do you know any body at Mr. Miſt's the Manager?

Frank.

Frank. Yes: and so do you, Sir—Stopgap, who left your service to go on the stage, is now his prompter.

Lavish. That's fortunate—I'll go to him instantly; and if he will but do me a favour—

Frank. That he will, if you'll bribe him: only give him ten pounds——but that you know, Sir, won't suit your system of economy.

Lavish. Won't it!—ten pound is no object, and I've lately made so many good bargains, that it's d——d hard if I can't afford to throw away an odd bank note or two—So, come along—and if after all I do live a little beyond my income, it's no fault of mine, Frank.

Frank. No! whose is it then, Sir?

Lavish. Whose!—why it is the fault of those selfish harpies who make economy useless—who raise the price of every article—and if Sir Hervey and other fighting gentlemen would unload their pistols on jobbers, forestallers, and monopolizers, their valour would be directed to the best purposes—I might live cheap, and the country would be cleared of it's worst enemies!—

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Outside of a Theatre, and* MISS'S *house;* LAVISH *discovered listening at the door.*

Lavish. God! I hope the prompter don't want prompting: (*Looking at his watch*). By this 'tis ten minutes, but my reckoning ten hours, since Stopgap entered this house with a letter for Juliana,—so—he comes! he comes!

Enter STOPGAP (*from the house.*)

Lavish. Well! what news?—have you seen Miss Sutherland?

Stopgap. I have, and here—(*producing a letter*).

Lavish. Here's an answer to my letter.

Stopgap. No;—there's your letter back again—she refused to open it, and in my presence ordered the servants not to admit you into the house.

Lavish. What! she persists——

Stopgap. Most obstinately, Sir;—but spite of her refusal, make it worth my while, and I'll procure you an interview:—excuse the hint, Sir; but if you recollect when I lived with you, you were so saving——

Lavish. So I am still:—worse and worse—more economical than ever;—but the hope of gaining such a treasure as Juliana!—here you rogue,—here's ten pounds on the strength of it (*giving him a bank note*).

Stopgap.

Stopgap. So there is;—then liſten:—the play to night is the "Road to Ruin," and Mr. Prettyman, who was to have performed Goldfinch, has juſt met with an accident:—now, Sir, having no ſubſtitute, and it being too late to change the play, ſuppoſe you wait on the Manager, and offer to ſupply his place.

Laviſh. I ſupply!

Stopgap. Why not? at the private theatre I have ſeen you act this very part:—then an interview is certain; for Mr. Miſt's houſe adjoins the theatre, and Miſs Sutherland is now in a room cloſe to the ſtage.

Laviſh. Is ſhe?—then I'll double Prettyman;—I'll act Goldfinch,—"that's your ſort;"—but hold, hold—don't introduce me by my own name; call me Mr. Crib, or Mr. Glib, or Mr. Squib.

Stopgap. I will; I'll call you Mr. Squib.—Huſh!—he comes. (*They ſtand aſide.*)

Enter MIST *and Mrs.* DAZZLE.

Miſt. How! what! London Manager!—Huſband die a London Manager!—Go on, imperial Mrs. M. P.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay, I only tell you that Mr. Dazzle, a ſhort time previous to his deceaſe, was in treaty for a moiety of one of the London theatres; but I cannot ſay whether he lived to complete his purchaſe;—however, I ſhall write by this poſt.

Miſt. And ſo will I:—and if he did purchaſe, throne devolves to you.—Bleſs me! how majeſtic ſhe looks!—and her play.—When ſhall I hear the reſt of your moſt magnificent play?—Nay, ſpare a country monarch:—thought her great

actress,—your humble author:—now you turn out manager, and the worst that a dummy.

Mrs. Dazzle. Well, Sir, you know how to make accommodement; your friend Mr. Alltrade wishes to marry this ungrateful girl, and as she is now under your roof——

Mist. Enough—send for Alltrade, and then, "Good morrow, good Queen Mary."

Mrs. Dazzle. I will,—I'll go write to him instantly,—and in return, if I do possess a London theatre, depend on't you shall be my sole manager.

Mist. Right!—I'm the man to rule behind curtain.—I'm the man to accept pieces, cast parts, and every night secure an overflow;—ha! ha! go, thou author of the divinest tragedy (*kisses her hand, and Mrs. Dazzle exit*). Never shall it be acted though; never shall she act her own infernal.

Stopgap. (*advancing*). Sir!—more bad luck, Sir!—Mr. Prettyman, in trying to pull on the only pair of new boots we have in the theatre, has just put out his shoulder bone, consequently there is nobody to act Goldfinch.

Mist. Put out shoulder bone!—what now!—Just before door opens!

Stopgap. Even so, Sir; and we have lately made so many apologies——

Mist. True; made one last night, two the night before; zounds! there'll be a riot; and all owing to this ungrateful shamming——See how it is—benefit's over—that's it—got four pounds over expences, and till that's gone, add Road to Ruin off, instead of on, the stage; but what's to be done?—found out, Stop;—e we shall be found out.

Stopgap.

Stagg. Nay: there is hope ſtill—look yonder, Sir; that gentleman is an excellent ſubſtitute; he is perfect in the part, and with your leave is ready to go on with it.—I'll introduce him—Mr. Squib, this is Mr. Miſt.

Lavish. Sir, your moſt devoted——

Miſt (*haughtily*). Servant, my lad; ſervant—ſo, call yourſelf an actor! hah! hem!

Lavish. I do—at your ſervice, Sir.

Miſt. My ſervice!—he! he!—that's another matter—ſee you act firſt—if miſs, exit Squib—if hit, enter at half a guinea a week.

Lavish. Pſha!—money's no object.

Miſt. No!

Lavish. No, I've ſaved a fortune, Mr. Manager, and am ſo attached to the ſtage, that I'll not only act gratis, but when there are not carpenters in the houſe, I'll be bound to pay them—I will, if I have it a thouſand ways.

Miſt. Will you?—oh that I had a whole company like him!—why you're a high fellow!—

Lavish (*ſpeaking from Coriolanus.*) "To "be ſure—know the odds—hold four in hand—"beat the mail—dome in full ſpeed—rattle down "the gateway—take care of your heads—never "killed but one woman and a child in all my life "—that's your ſort!"

Miſt. Bravo!—capital!—and no ſalary!—my dear Mr. Squib—all gratitude—all thankfulneſs—by and bye rule a London theatre—perhaps Covent Garden—know preſent acting manager!

Lavish. What!

Miſt. Mum!—kick him out, whip you in.

Lavish. That's right—kick out preſent ſtupid acting manager, and whip me in;—but come along—isn't it time to dreſs?

Miſt. Not quite; juſt time to crack bottle, and draw up apology—muſt get one ready written: —much warfare lately—laſt night affronted audience myſelf.

Laviſh. Yourſelf! how?

Miſt. Tell you:—whenever theatre's thin, always get drunk.

Laviſh. In the name of heaven, why?

Miſt. He! he! he!—'cauſe it makes me ſee double—ſo going to take a peep, miſtook my way, and in dagger ſcene of Macbeth, reeled upon the ſtage, and ſtaggered up to lamps!—never ſo well received before;—delighted with applauſe, ſtood ſmiling and bowing, till Macbeth bore me off, 'midſt the ſhouting and huzzaing of a genteel, though not a numerous, audience—Expect buſtle to night in conſequence—ſo muſt knock under a little—not too much though—I'm Manager—heh!—hem!—but come along; and over bottle drink ſucceſs——

Laviſh. There's no occaſion; my Goldfinch never failed—"that's your ſort!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A grand Saloon in Sutherland Houſe—Maſks diſcovered dancing.*

After dance, ALLTRADE *dreſſed in a Domino enters with a Servant.*

Alltrade (a letter in his hand). From Mrs. Dazzle, you ſay; perhaps ſome news of Miſs Sutherland. (*Opens letter and reads*): "*Juliana* "is at Mr. Miſt's, and he completely in our in- "tereſt.—Come directly, and if Sir Harvey has "given you his conſent, make him write it to "his

"his daughter: and if he objects to that from "motives of pride and delicacy, bid him write "to the Manager, and entreat him to enforce "his command: this shown to Juliana will se- "cure all;—she will forfeit the legacy, and a "third of my husband's estate will be yours!" ——————Excellent! and he has given me his consent—what's here? a postscript!—(*Reads on*): "If Juliana has signed the bond, don't "mention it to Sir Harvey—he'll expect mo- "ney, and at present you know we have none "to give him."——True: and the bond is al- ready disposed of; for if all else fail, that will be a grand resource.—My compliments to Mrs. Dazzle, and I'll wait upon her presently. (*Ser- vant exit.*)

Enter Sir HARVEY *hastily.*

Sir Harvey. Alltrade! my friend!—I'm glad I've found you—(*taking his hand*).

Alltrade. Why, what agitates you?

Sir Harvey. I'm ruined—I'm exposed—look —do you see those masks? (*pointing to two masks in dominos who stand apart from the rest*).

Alltrade. I do—what of them?

Sir Harvey (*whispering him*). Hush.

Alltrade. Bailiffs!

Sir Harvey. Ay, an execution for a thousand pounds, and a writ against my person for nearly the same sum.—And now, in the meridian of my splendor, I am to meet the scorn of all around me; now, in the midst of friends——but be it so—a gaol can't yield me less substantial joy than this unmeaning, artificial scene.

Alltrade. Come, come, don't rail at that which, till now, gave you happiness.

Sir Hervey. Never!—What has it afforded me! days of diſtreſs, and nights of fever and diſgrace; borrowing one day, to pay double the next; flying to the gaming table—ſacrificing fortune, health, honour—and for what!—to appear faſhionable; to make a falſe diſplay of wealth; and ſpitter away life in the ſociety of knaves I deteſt, and fools I deſpiſe.—Call you this happineſs!—No, 'tis deſpetation, 'tis delirium!

Alltrade. Nay, be compoſed; there is ſtill a way to ſave you. You know this diſtreſs would have been avoided had your daughter ſigned the bond.

Sir Hervey. Name her not——I do not wiſh to curſe her.

Alltrade. Well, but if ſhe will ſtill ſign—and remember our converſation this morning—on your wiſhing ſhe had a huſband to protect her, and my naming myſelf, you were pleaſed to ſay ſhe could not be in better hands.

Sir Hervey. I did—but what has this to do with——

Alltrade. Every thing.—Let the marriage take place, and I, in the character of huſband, can execute the bond myſelf. Then theſe debts will be diſcharged, and all go well again.—Come, though you ſay you don't diſlike a priſon, I am too much your friend to ſee you put to the trial.

Sir Hervey. Well, I own I dread the expoſure and diſgrace.

Alltrade. Then to avoid it, write a ſtrong letter to your daughter; ſtate that her accepting my hand can alone ſave you from ruin.

Sir Hervey. I write!—I condeſcend!

Alltrade. Nay then, to make it leſs irkſome to your feelings, write to the gentleman under whoſe protection

protection she has placed herself; bid him exert his influence.—Come, step with me into the next room, and I'll dictate the contents.

Sir Harvey. Well, do with me what you will; but I've but little hope.

Alltrade. And I'm most sanguine; and before to-night is past, you shall again enjoy this scene of splendid revelry.

Sir Harvey. What, when I view it in its proper light?—No, my friend; strip dissipation of its robe of fashion—shew it in its naked deformity—see it surrounded by its offspring, poverty, suicide, despair, and madness!—and who would be weak enough to pursue it?—But lead on, I obey your wishes. [*Exeunt.*

(*Dancing renewed.*)

Re-enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Harvey. So, I have sent the letter.—I know not why, I trembled as I wrote it: and at the thought of thus disposing of my child, my foreboding heart——but I dare think no more—let the dance go on.

Enter WORRY.

Worry. Oh, Sir!—such news!—didn't you say Miss Sutherland hadn't signed the bond?

Sir Harvey. I did: and but now my friend Alltrade——

Worry. Your friend!—only listen, Sir—my nephew, I'm sorry to mention it, is an attorney, and he had the impudence to call here and ask for a ticket for your masked ball. Says he, "I can support

"support a character."—Says I, "That's impos-
"sible, because you've no character to support."
"—Nay," says he, "I'm grown honest since I
"saw you."—"Oh! you are, are you?" says
"I; then pray walk up; merely at a masquerade
"is every thing."

Sir Harvey. Pshaw! what's this to me?

Worry. You shall hear, Sir. I am more sorry to mention it, as Mr. Alworth's attorney; and, by his orders, has just taken the bond to Miss Sutherland, at Mr. Miss's.

Sir Harvey. Indeed! and what was the result?

Worry. What! why the moment he shewed her your name at the bottom of it, she burst into tears; then taking up the pen, she exclaimed, "Though my father is unmindful of my dis-
"tresses, I can never forget his; and were it to
"doom me to imprisonment or death, I would
"execute with pleasure."

Sir Harvey. How! and did she——

Worry. She did.—And another thing—you must have signed the bond without reading it: instead of two years, 'tis payable on demand.

Sir Harvey. 'Tis false! I'll not believe a word.

Worry. I thought so.—I thought this would be the case; and therefore I persuaded my nephew to trust me with it.—(*produces bond*).—Look, here is at once a proof of your friend's villainy and your daughter's virtue!—See how you have wronged her, and how he has wronged you. But his widow, she is the arch agent! and talk of gentlemen of the long robe, curse me but I believe there's more mischief under one gown than another!

Sir Harvey (*reading bond*). "Juliana Suther-
"land!"—(*sweeps and lets bond fall.*)—Where is she, where is my daughter?

Worry.

Worry. How! do you mean——

Sir Hervey. I do; I mean to prove myself her father: the bitter secret long has rankled here, but now I can divulge it: and if a shattered heart can once more vibrate at the touch of joy, it will be when I clasp my wronged, exalted child! ——Come, let us fly!

Worry. Ay, the faster the better.—I'm so happy!—If Mrs. Worry were in Heaven, I couldn't be happier!—(*as they are going, Bailiffs in dominos advance.*)

Bailiff. Excuse us, Sir Hervey, we cannot part with you; and unless the debt is instantly paid, we must conduct you to prison.

Worry. To prison!

Sir Hervey. Ay; behold my well timed punishment!—Now, on the brink of happiness, I am to meet the just reward of desperation and extravagance!

Bailiff. Nay, why upbraid yourself, Sir Hervey? a man of your rank couldn't live shabbily.

Sir Hervey. No; but I might have lived honorably: I might have lived within my income; that is the barrier no man of true honour ever passes: and if stealing on the highway be punished with death, why should the more refined robber, who defrauds the industrious tradesman of the hard earnings by which he is to support his family, why should he escape?——Oh! let no man boast the proud name of gentleman, who contracts debts he cannot pay!—But I attend you—lead on—and yet—Distraction!—William!

Worry. Sir!

Sir Hervey. The worst I had forgotten: you know not half your master's weakness, half his villainy!

villainy!—not an hour ago I wrote a letter, and [illegible] my daughter to marry——

Harry. Whom, Sir?

Sir Harvey. The worst, the vilest of mankind!

Harry. Mr. Allonde?

Sir Harvey. Yes; I, her father, in return for all her fondness and affection, commanded her to link herself to infamy, dishonour!—But is it yet too late to save her!—will she not be merciful?—oh! will she not disobey me?

Harry. No, she's so affectionate, that the moment she reads the letter—

Sir Harvey. Ay, but perhaps she has not yet received it.—Go, lose not a moment; 'tis dreadful to the gentleman at whose house she now resides.

Harry. I'll go; I'll do all I can to save her: and, in the mean time, pray keep up your spirits, Sir: indeed, indeed you deserve a better fate.

Sir Harvey. No, I deserve it all! think what I was, and think I might have been!—now an outcast and a beggar, dragged from my home, and plunged in a prison!—and, but for passion and its errors, that house had been a heaven!—But my child!—go—be swifter than the letter—save her from feeling what will make her curse my name, while it dooms her to eternal misery, will be an everlasting evidence of my disgrace! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE—*An apartment in* MIST's *House.*

(*Knocking at the door*)—*Enter* Mrs. DAZZLE.

Mrs. Dazzle. 'Tis he! 'tis Alltrade! now for it!—now if Sir Hervey has but conſented to the marriage.—(*Here* LAVISH *opens door in back ſcene, and is coming out; but ſeeing* Mrs. DAZZLE *ſtops and liſtens.*) Oh, I'm ſo anxious.—(*Enter* ALLTRADE.)—Well! what ſucceſs? will the match take place?—ſhall I inherit my huſband's eſtate?

Alltrade. You will! this letter from Sir Hervey to Mr. Miſt will explain and aſſure every thing.

Mrs. Dazzle. Let me ſee—(*takes letter and reads*): "To Mr. Miſt.—Sir, My daughter "having placed herſelf under your protection, I "am induced to think that you have an influence "over her; though her father has none; there- "fore let me entreat you to exert it, by perſuad- "ing her to accept the hand of my friend Mr. "Alltrade, and aſſure her that her marriage "with that gentleman can alone ſave me from "ruin, or lead to the reconciliation ſhe has ſo "long pretended to wiſh for.—HERVEY SU- "THERLAND."

Alltrade. There! ſhe's too dutiful to refuſe.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the thought of ſaving him from ruin would of itſelf induce her to conſent; but the hope of a reconciliation alſo!—delightful! charming! Go, take the letter to Mr. Miſt, and bid him come and ſhew it Juliana directly.

Alltrade. I will.

Mrs. Dazzle. And, d'ye hear, then away to a parſon: in the mean time I'll get a licence, and in leſs than half an hour the marriage ſhall take place in this very room.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Madam, here's a Mr. Worry——

Mrs. Dazzle. Don't admit him; remember you have orders to admit nobody.—(Servant *exit.*) Away! diſpatch, my friend; and now Miſs Juliana, I defy you! neither your father nor your lover, no, not even the economical Captain, can ſave his darling treaſure now.

[*Exit.*

Laviſh (advancing). Can't he? he'll try a thouſand ways though.—'Sdeath! no ſooner reconciled to Juliana—no ſooner convinced her of my truth and affection, than I'm to ſee her—— If ſhe reads the letter; all's over! for her laſt words were, "I will marry no man, but the one "my father ſelects for me."—and now, when his ruin and a reconciliation depend on her conſenting——plague on't! I could play the fool and weep: yes, I'm no niggard here! (*putting his hand to his heart*)—and if I can purchaſe her ſafety even at the loſs of my life, I ſhall reckon it the beſt bargain I ever made.

Miſt (without). Very well, I'll deliver letter—I'll make widow amends.

Laviſh. Here he comes, and in his poſſeſſion what will for ever ruin me and Juliana; nay, alſo Sir Hervey:—I'm ſure he's under ſome dreadful error; and if I can ſave his daughter at this moment, my triumph will be ten times greater than in fighting him;—yes, that I ſhall call honourable ſatisfaction. What can I deviſe?—ſee the letter ſhe ſhall not! and there is no way to prevent it but by getting this credulous old manager out of the room. Let me ſee—I have it!—he talked of a riot in his theatre!—it will do! it will do!

Enter

Enter MIST *drunk.*

Miſt (the letter in his hand). So, here's Sir Harvey's letter; and I'm to ſhew it Miſs Sutherland; and enforce marriage, and —— u-u-up! (*Hiccuping*): methinks I ſee double again—methinks—no—no I'm not on ſtage now, 'cauſe hear no applauſe: drunk or ſober, ſure to encourage ſuch a promiſing young actor.

Laviſh (obſerving him). Drunk too!—better and better!

Miſt. He! he! he!—wonder how Mr. Squib does—how Mr. No Salary's going on?—ſays he, "I'm a private actor!"—"Hem," ſays I, "more private the better:"—hope they accept him though; hope they let him double Prettyman; if not, here's ſuch an apology! (*pulling out a paper, and putting it back again*)—ſuch a beautiful, witty compoſition; but hold:—now to ſee Miſs Sutherland!

Laviſh (coming againſt him). And now to prevent you. (*Aſide*).—Oh, Sir, I was juſt going for you: the riot is begun,—the whole theatre is in an uproar.

Miſt. Devil! what!—want Prettyman?

Laviſh. No, they want you—Tell you how it was—Stopgap went on, and claimed their uſual indulgence—on which a little tiger-faced fellow exclaimed from the pit, "We'll bear it no lon-"ger!—if the Manager will conſtantly make "apologies, play the beſt parts, act his own "farces, get drunk, and reel upon the ſtage, why "the theatre is a nuiſance!"

Miſt. A nuiſance!

Laviſh. Ay: "And either let him come and "account for his conduct, or let us treat it as a "nuiſance:—let us pull it down!"—He was

ſtrongly ſupported, and I left the whole houſe calling "Manager! Manager!"—ſo go—go directly (*pulling him*).

Miſt. I go! I account!—to whom:—to a five pound houſe!—to a tiger-faced gentleman, and a dozen more ungrateful, taſteleſs ſcoundrels—I!

Laviſh. Taſteleſs!

Miſt. Yes: haven't I done every thing!—turn'd author, actor, engaged Harlequin, and half ruined myſelf to pleaſe 'em?—and now—look 'ye, Mr. Squib, here's my apology—(*taking paper out of his pocket*):—if that will ſatisfy 'em, let Stop read it—if not, and they ſtill abuſe me as acting manager, ſee how they like me in another character—acting magiſtrate!—Damme! myſelf and two conſtables 'll take the whole houſe!

Laviſh (*looking at the paper in* MIST'*s hand*). By heaven, he has miſtaken!—'tis Sir Hervey's letter! (*aſide*).—Yes! that will do: give me that apology, and I'll anſwer for every body being ſatisfied—nay! there's no time for heſitation—they abſolutely threatened to make you go down on your knees.

Miſt. His knees!—a Manager on his knees!—that for 'em! (*ſnapping his fingers and turning away from* LAVISH.)

Laviſh. Nay; the apology—'tis, 'tis Sir Hervey's hand! (*aſide*).—Give me the apology.

Miſt. That for 'em! won't—won't condeſcend to let 'em hear even apology now.

Laviſh. No!—'Sdeath: I've marr'd every thing. (*Aſide*).

Miſt. No: ſoon manage London audience, and not even to them——but they know better—and were I before 'em at this moment—inſtead of aſking

aſking for apology—inſtead of approving this mean cowardly piece of writing, they'd applaud me for deſtroying it—they would!—ſo there!—preſerved my character both as man and as Manager! (*tears* Sir HERVEY'*s letter.*)

Laviſh. You have! and Juliana's preſerved and I'm preſerved!—(*Enter* Mrs. DAZZLE.)—"Here am I, widow—been to Hatchet's—be-"ſpoke wedding coach—all flaſh—damn the ex-"pence—that's your ſort."

Mrs. Dazzle. You here, Sir!—Mr. Miſt, have you ſhewn Miſs Sutherland her father's letter?

Miſt. No; and can't ſtay to do it now—muſt go quell riot—muſt talk to tiger-faced gentleman—

Mrs. Dazzle (*ſtopping him*). Nay: if you wiſh to make me amends, I inſiſt you do it inſtantly, and let me be eye witneſs of his mortification and her deſpair—Come forth, Miſs Juliana!—(*opens door in back ſcene and leads out* JULIANA.)—Now, Mr. Miſt, where is Sir Hervey's letter?

Miſt. Here (*pulling out paper*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Then read it, and ſecure my triumph.

Miſt. I will—hem! (*Reads*).—"Ladies and "Gentlemen, the diſagreeable dilemma to which "I am reduced——"

Mrs. Dazzle (*ſnatching it from him*). Why, you miſtake—let me read.—(*Reads*)—"Ladies "and Gentlemen, the diſagreeable dilemma to "which I am reduced—" why what's this paper?

Miſt. An apology—that I'm ready to offer you, though not audience—I'm very ſorry, but can't ſtay to explain now—(*Going*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Aſtoniſhing!—why, what's become of Sir Hervey's letter?

Miſt. What! (*points to the torn letter.*)—You take the hint—muſt go to tiger-faced gentleman—you take the hint. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Dazzle. What can he mean!—I'll follow him, and have the matter explained inſtantly—and don't fancy to eſcape, Miſs Juliana; for Sir Hervey ſhall come himſelf and enforce his conſent; and if that fails,—the bond—look to the bond—Oh, you may ſmile, Sir (*to* LAVISH), but you'll find revenge is ſtill in my power. [*Exit.*

Laviſh. You hear, Miſs Sutherland; and to avoid the danger with which you are threatened take my advice and be beforehand with them.—Fly to your father—throw yourſelf at his feet—entreat his protection—

Juliana. I will; there is no other hope—go where I will, they ſtill purſue and perſecute me.—Yes! I'll to my father!

Laviſh. Come then—allow me to conduct you—and if I too throw myſelf at his feet, and he no longer thinks me his enemy——

Juliana. Alas! even then, Mr. Laviſh——conſider, I am ſo deſtitute of every hope of fortune—

Laviſh. Fortune! oh, if that's all the difficulty, it's only to leſſen our expences—to live on a narrow ſcale:—inſtead of a houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare, we muſt be content with one in Groſvenor-ſtreet:—inſtead of four horſes, we muſt drive only a pair:—and to avoid gaming and giving great entertainments, we muſt go every night to the play or the opera.—But come—and though thus far I ſhall ſtint you, my dear Juliana, in every other reſpect I'll indulge you to the laſt ſhilling—I will, if I ſave it a thouſand ways!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE—*The Court-yard of a Priſon; Wall and great Gates in back Scene; on each Side Apartments in the Priſon, and O. P. Steps leading up to a Door.—Moonlight.*

Sir HERVEY *and* WORRY *diſcovered.*

Worry. Nay, let me entreat you, Sir, retire to your chamber!—you forget you are in a priſon.

Sir Hervey. But are you ſure my daughter is not Alltrade's wife?

Worry. I am, Sir! and that ſhe owes her deliverance to the generous exertions of Captain Laviſh. (*Loud knocking at gate.*)—There—you hear, Sir!—now pray, pray retire.

Sir Hervey. Well! conduct me; and in the morning wait on Captain Laviſh, and expreſs my warmeſt gratitude.—

Worry. Aye, that I will, Sir! and make every inquiry after Miſs Sutherland:—but now, Sir! (*Loud knocking again*).—Bleſs me! this is a moſt unconſcionable ſort of place!—neither let people in or out!—'tis deviliſh hard:—I dare ſay the gentleman has as much right to be here as any body!—This way, Sir, this way! (Sir HERVEY *and* WORRY *aſcend ſteps, and exeunt.*)

(*Gates are opened, and enter* JULIANA *and two Bailiffs.*)

First Bailiff. Come, come!—now all's ſafe: though if we hadn't contrived to ſeparate her from Captain Laviſh by means of a forged letter—

Second Bailiff. Ay, that was my planning!—ſo here you are, Miſs! arreſted on your bond for five thouſand pounds;—and you know Mr. All-trade's terms!—either ſign a contract of marriage——

Juliana. That I never will.

First Bailiff. Good night then.

Juliana. Stay!—ſpare me but a moment!—unuſed to this ſcene of terror and diſtreſs, unleſs ſome friendly hand is ſtretched to ſave me, I muſt e'en fall and periſh here!—Oh, I am faint! quite—quite ſick at heart.

Second Bailiff. You'd better ſign the contract then.

Juliana. Never! never! (*Bailiffs exeunt.*)—They're gone:—now, Juliana, ſummon all your courage!—alone,—unprotected! in the worſt place amongſt the worſt ſociety; ſeparated from the man you love, deſerted by the father you revere, and ſo deprived of every hope of aid, that ſhould you linger on for years, here, here at laſt muſt be your grave! (*Shouting and laughing without.*)—Heavens! what noiſe is that?—a ſet of the moſt needy and moſt deſperate! (*Stamping:*) Again!—they come this way—and I am left to be the victim of their brutality!—I can't ſupport it!—I faint with terror!—Oh, help! help! (*Falls at the foot of the ſteps.*)

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. Surely I heard a woman's voice,—and ſeemingly in much diſtreſs!—'tis ſo!—poor wretch!—ſhe ſcarcely breathes:—Within there! (*Re-enter* Worry:)—give your aſſiſtance! help me to raiſe this poor unfortunate.

Worry. I will, I will! (*They raiſe* JULIANA, *who remains in a lifeleſs ſtate*,)—Merciful powers! (*ſeeing her face, ſtarting, and moving away*).

Sir Hervey. Ha! what alarms you?—do you know her?

Worry. I do!

Sir Hervey. Who is it?—what brings her here? ſpeak! has ſhe no friends? no relations?

Worry. Yes:—ſhe has a father!

Sir Hervey. Barbarian!—could he not prevent—

Worry. He could, but————aſk your own heart! mine would burſt to ſpeak it.

Sir Hervey. How?

Worry. Ay, your much wronged daughter!—who evidently has been brought here on the bond ſhe ſigned to ſave you!—but don't—don't be unhappy, Sir! I'll go directly for aſſiſtance.

Sir Hervey. Fly! begone! (WORRY *exit.*—JULIANA *remains ſtill lifeleſs in* Sir HERVEY'S *arms:*—can I behold all this, and live?—Poor girl!—the very features of————Oh, God! Oh, God!

Juliana. Give me air!—So; I am much, much better.

Sir Hervey. Indeed!—I am glad, cordially glad: ha! ha! (*weeping*)—you've ſaved my life!

Juliana. Your life!—ſuch kindneſs from a ſtranger!—Oh! in this place I little thought to find a friend!

Sir

Sir Hervey. And do you call me friend?

Juliana. I hope I may! you ſeem to take an intereſt in my ſufferings.

Sir Hervey. I do—I do! and well I know the author of them all!—too well I know the father that has cauſed them.

Juliana. My father! do you know my father?—Oh, when you ſee him, don't tell him you found me in priſon! that would afflict him, and it would double my miſery to add to his!—don't—pray don't tell him, Sir.

Sir Hervey. Why not?—why feel for him who never felt for you! has he not from your infancy deſerted you?—has he not ſhut his doors againſt you? and, inſtead of being your friend and protector, has he not proved himſelf your enemy—your perſecutor!

Juliana (haughtily). Well! if he has, Sir?

Sir Hervey. Did he not thwart you in your affections,—tear you from the man you love, and command you to marry him you hate?—and after theſe accumulated injuries, and you had involved yourſelf to ſupport him, what was his return? ingratitude! what was your inheritance? poverty!—what has been your reward? a priſon!—Oh, villain! villain!—worſt of villains!

Juliana. Villain!—hold your unlicenſed tongue. Villain!—who are you that dare thus accuſe my father?

Sir Hervey. A libertine; whoſe diſſipation drove his wife into ſuch ſcenes of error and remorſe that ſhe died of a broken heart!—an outcaſt! who, not content with that, would have reduced his daughter to the ſame unhappy fate!—a wretch! who, abandoned her not for her own conduct, but her mother's!—who brought her to a priſon!

a prison!—who sees her there without the hope of saving her!—or, to sum up all in one emphatic word—to give the aggregate of complicated infamy——I am your father!

Juliana. My father!

Sir Hervey. Ay, look at me!—view me well—do you not shudder at the hideous sight? will you not curse—avoid me as a pestilence?—a fiend!

Juliana. No: I will cling to you!—thus grow for ever round you! (*throwing herself into his arms*)—My father! my dear, dear father!

Sir Hervey. Juliana, be merciful! load me with reproaches—this kindness will destroy me!

Juliana. Reproach you!—what, at the moment I have found you?—no: let me but be near you, and I will bless the hour that brought me to this place!—for it has given me the utmost wishes of my soul—it has restored to me a parent!

Enter ALLTRADE *and* WORRY.

Worry. There! 'tis as I expected; they are reconciled—look! have you the heart to interrupt their joy?

Alltrade. Sir Hervey, I have no wish but to give you both liberty; and if you will fulfil your promise, by persuading Miss Sutherland to accept my hand!——nay: why frown?—you see I come as a friend.

Sir Hervey. Friend? away—I'm weary of the very word.

Alltrade. What! weary of friendship, Sir Hervey!

Sir Hervey. Ay, Sir; time was, when friendship wore a bold and open aspect, and as it spoke it

it acted: but now 'tis masked; and underneath it lurks all modern villainy. Who betrayed my wife? a friend!—who belied my child? a friend?—who immured her in a gaol, and if she does not prostitute her hand and heart, will see her perish there—who, but my friend?—Can my enemy thus injure me?—No; in him I place no confidence or trust; and henceforth let me rather meet a thousand foes than the designing arts of one false friend.

Alltrade. Well, as you please—(*Enter* LAVISH *behind*)—here is Miss Sutherland's discharge; but since you don't choose to accede to my proposals, good night (*shewing discharge, and putting it up again.*)

Juliana. Nay, let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade.

Worry. And let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade.

Alltrade. No, I can be obstinate in my turn—good night.

Lavish (*advancing and turning* ALLTRADE *round*). Then let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade—nay, don't think to escape, Sir—Bless you! you are quite mistaken; Mr. Alltrade's the most kind, obliging——The discharge—give me the discharge, you scoundrel—or else, Newmarket in the first place (*shaking his cane*), and high life in the second (*pulling up his neckcloth*).

Alltrade (*trembling violently*). Well, Sir—since you insist, Sir—

Lavish. I do; and be quick—dispatch—(ALLTRADE *gives* LAVISH *a paper*). Oh, this is the very thing I suppose—(*begins reading it*)—"By "this my last will, I Jeremiah Dazzle give and "bequeath"——

Alltrade,

Alltrade. Stop, ſtop—that's the wrong paper—here, here's the diſcharge.

Laviſh (*takes it and puts it into his pocket*). Very well—a good economiſt pockets every thing—(*Reads on*): "all the property of which "I die poſſeſſed, unto that moſt amiable——Ju-"liana Sutherland."—Amazement! (*Sir* HERVEY, JULIANA, *and* LAVISH *all look at each other with aſtoniſhment, and during pauſe* ALLTRADE *exit.*) There—you take care of that, Sir Hervey, whilſt I take care of Mr.—(*turns round and finds* ALLTRADE *gone*)—what! gone!—I'll follow him—I'll——but no—we've got all we want from him—and ſo, 'ſpite of our former animoſities Sir Hervey, allow me to congratulate you.

Sir Hervey (*having read the will*). No, Sir; my hopes are vaniſhed, I find here the fortune is conditional:—if my daughter marries, it devolves to Mrs. Dazzle.

Laviſh. If ſhe marries?

Sir Hervey. Ay, Sir!—while ſhe remains ſingle, ſhe may roll in affluence, and I be reſtored to all my former ſplendor;—but will that give either of us conſolation? No; my own ſad example has taught me the reverſe; and therefore, mark me, Juliana—I wiſh to make atonement, to give you fixed, unceaſing happineſs;—and having proved myſelf unfit to guard ſo dear a charge,—let him who beſt deſerves, let him protect you!

Juliana. Him!—whom, Sir?

Sir Hervey (*pointing to* LAVISH). Him!—Accept her, Mr. Laviſh,—take her as the beſt recompence for all the wrongs I've done you.—Nay, I know the penalty:—I know, by marrying you ſhe forfeits this eſtate; and for your ſake I wiſh it had accompanied her; but for my

own!—at laſt I've acted as a parent ought, and though theſe gates are ſhut againſt me, I know my daughter's happy, and that thought will give what wealth can never purchaſe;—a quiet conſcience and unbroken reſt.

Laviſh. Sir Hervey, you have acted nobly—but——

Sir Hervey. But what?—You are ſufficiently affluent to maintain her.

Laviſh. No; there's the curſe on't: I thought I had ſaved a fortune;—but juſt now, when I heard of your mutual diſtreſs, and drew bills on my ſteward and my banker, they refuſed payment;—to my aſtoniſhment they ſaid I hadn't a ſhilling!—there you ſee, there's the end of my economy!

Sir Hervey. And you'd have paid my debts—you'd have releaſed your enemy?

Laviſh. Ay, that I would, if I'd ſaved it a thouſand ways;—but to marry on ſuch conditions!—No—I'll die firſt.

Juliana. And ſo will I; and hard as it is, here let us ſeparate, Mr. Laviſh.

Sir Hervey. Never!—never ſhall you be divided!—and though we can expect no liberality from Mrs. Dazzle, yet under all the circumſtances ſhe may be induced to compromiſe—perhaps allow us a moiety, or a third.

Laviſh. Ay, or any thing,—if ſhe'll only allow us two hundred a-year, with my management I'll be bound we'll all live comfortably;—I'll go make her propoſals inſtantly, and don't fear my ſucceſs;—for at a bargain,—never was ſuch a fellow at making a bargain.

Juliana. Adieu, Mr. Laviſh; pray Heaven you may ſucceed!

Worry. So ſay I; and if ſhe don't come to an amicable adjuſtment, conteſt the will, and employ my nephew to file a bill in Chancery againſt her.

Laviſh. No, that will never do: rather give up the whole property than go to law.—Come, that's good economy, or the devil's in it.

[*Exit.*

Sir Hervey. Come, Juliana, in my apartments we'll wait his return.—(*To* WORRY): You alſo, faithful, conſtant friend!

Juliana. How ſhall I thank you? how repay—

Worry. Repay!—Look! are you not reconciled? Isn't that repaying me?—Oh! I am the happieſt fellow living!——No—I forgot Mrs. Worry.

[*Exeunt* O. P.

SCENE—*A Street in the Town.*

Enter ALLTRADE, Mrs. DAZZLE, *and a* Servant.

Mrs. Dazzle. Don't talk to me, Sir.—The will diſcovered!

Alltrade. I tell you it was no fault of mine, and my life on't Miſs Sutherland will marry the Captain, and ſtill forfeit the bequeſt.

Mrs. Dazzle. She marry! ſhe marry! nonſenſe! Haven't I this inſtant ſeen the faithleſs Captain, and isn't it exactly as I ſuſpected?—Take my word for it, Juliana will keep the eſtate and her lover too.

Alltrade. How! what mean you?

Mrs. Dazzle. Mean? that the Captain never thought of making her his wife; and the father, to gain his liberty and five thouſand a-year, will

be unprincipled enough to conſent to his daughter's diſgrace.

Alltrade. Oh, I underſtand now:—live together without marrying.

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay; Mr. Laviſh not only didn't deny the infamous ſcheme, but abſolutely offered me two hundred a-year if I'd give up all claim under my huſband's will; if not, he ſaid he and Juliana would go to Italy, and live on the profits. What ſhall I do?—deprived of my huſband's eſtate, I'm abſolutely pennyleſs.

Alltrade. I know; and you ſee they are decided; therefore, why heſitate?—two hundred a-year is certainly better than nothing.

Mrs. Dazzle. True; and as I have no other hope,—John, go to Mr. Laviſh, ſay I accede to his propoſals, and if he'll bring an agreement to my houſe, I'll ſign directly. (*Servant exit.*) Oh! that it ſhould come to this;—but I'll expoſe them —I'll——

Enter STOPGAP (*with a letter*).

Stopgap. From Mr. Miſt, Madam;—it is of the utmoſt conſequence, and requires an immediate anſwer (*giving letter*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Indeed!

Stopgap. Yes, Madam;—he has this moment received poſitive information, that Mr. Dazzle died poſſeſſed of half a London theatre; and as you are his widow, Madam—but the letter will explain.

Mrs. Dazzle (*reading*). "Majeſtic Mrs. M. P. "—only time to ſay, forget paſt bad manage-"ment—accept hand and fortune; we'll in-"ſtantly

" ſtantly act Benedict and Beatrice.—Doors to " be opened at eight, and performance begin " preciſely at nine. Vivant Rex et Regina!— " P. M. ——. *N. B.* Would have waited on " you in perſon, but Harlequin and ſlow waggon " are juſt arrived." Delightful! glorious!— now I am rich enough to defy the Captain and his aſſociates:—My compliments to Mr. Miſt, I'll wait upon him inſtantly, and the ſooner the marriage takes place, the happier it will make me. (STOPGAP *exit.*)—Come, Mr. Alltrade, you ſhall ſhare my good fortune, and when the Captain brings the agreement, how I ſhall laugh at him; I now deſpiſe, as much as I once loved him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Inſide of a Theatre.*

MIST *diſcovered.*

Miſt. Forfeit 'em,—I'll forfeit 'em:—Harlequin arrived!—firſt call new pantomime, and not an actor come to rehearſal;—vagabonds!—all envy—all jealouſy;—dread his immortal powers, and want to knock him up;—won't do though—not eaſily put out of countenance.

Enter STOPGAP.

Stopgap. Joy! I give you joy, Sir; Mrs. Dazzle conſents.

Miſt. What! doors opened at eight.

Stop. Ay, and performance begin at nine.

Miſt. And no money returned after curtain's drawn up!—tol de roll, toll, loll:—I'm a real London Manager!—that, (*ſnapping his fingers*),

that for this half or rather no priced toy-ſhop:—but where is ſhe?—where's the imperial Mrs. M. P.

Stopgap. She'll be here directly, and Mr. Squib alſo: I met him in the ſtreet, and on my telling him you were about to marry Mrs. Dazzle for the ſake of her theatrical property, he ſaid you were groſsly impoſed upon, and that he'd wait upon you, and explain the matter inſtantly:—and ſee, here he comes.

Miſt. He explain! pſha! what does he know about—(*Enter* LAVISH)—Excuſe me, Mr. Squib, can't talk to ſtrollers now; I'm real—a Royal London Manager.

Laviſh. So am I; I'm a real Royal London Manager.

Miſt. You!—good, very good; and you've got old Dazzle's ſhare, ſuppoſe?

Laviſh. Yes, and I've got old Dazzle's ſhare, ſuppoſe.

Miſt. Better and better!—in right of the heireſs too?

Laviſh. Yes, in right of the heireſs too.

Miſt. What, you mean to marry the widow?

Laviſh. No, damn me if I do; and if I did, that wouldn't help me.

Miſt. No!

Laviſh. No; the theatre is not hers, it belongs to Miſs Sutherland—(*producing will*):—here it is under old Dazzle's hand; here's another apology, read it, and then once more—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the diſagreeable di-"lemma to which I am reduced"—ha! ha! there's a Manager for you!

Mrs. Dazzle (*without*). Where is my life, my lord, my huſband?

Laviſh.

Laviſh. There, you read the will, while I talk to the *heireſs.*—(MIST *and* STOPGAP *retire up the ſtage with the will,* Mrs. DAZZLE *enters*). So, widow, here's the agreement.

Mrs. Dazzle. Then you may take it back again; I ſhan't ſign it.

Laviſh. No!

Mrs. Dazzle. No; my marriage with Mr. Miſt makes me ſufficiently rich and independent to refuſe the paltry offer; and I can now ſhew the world that I'm above being a party in ſo infamous a tranſaction! ſo I wiſh you a pleaſant tour to Italy, good Signor Laviſhini.

Laviſh. You're wrong! it's a mighty pretty income:—I'd be bound to keep a carriage on two hundred a-year.

Mrs. Dazzle. Very likely: but you have your anſwer, Sir.

Stopgap (behind to MIST). Yes: Miſs Sutherland's heireſs!—Mr. Squib Manager.

Miſt. And I'm dethroned:—exit Miſt.

Mrs. Dazzle. Look! there's my dear intended! Now, Sir, ſee me take poſſeſſion of his hand and heart.——Oh, Mr. Miſt! *courtſeying*).

Stopgap (*aſide to* MIST). I have a thought, Sir! perhaps Miſs Sutherland may wiſh to ſell—and through Mr. Squib's intereſt, and by ſecuring him the deputyſhip—

Miſt. I may get purchaſe! well prompted, Stop—we'll pay court to new monarch;—now mind, one of beſt benefit bows.—(*They put themſelves in bowing attitudes and advance towards* Mrs. DAZZLE.)

Mrs. Dazzle. Delightful man!—with what awe he approaches me!—you ſee, Signor—you

ſee! (MIST *and* STOPGAP *paſs by* Mrs. DAZZLE *and come cloſe to* LAVISH.)

Miſt. Royal Mr. Squib—ſee your authority, and humbly—

Mrs. Dazzle (*turning him round*). Why, Mr. Miſt, I'm on this ſide.

Miſt. I know! but I am on the other ſide: a good Manager always goes with the ruling party:—any reparation to you or the heireſs, Mr. Squib! would ſhe chooſe the freedom? or you take a benefit?—play myſelf, and give you firſt night of new pantomime.

Laviſh. You ſee, Signora, you ſee!—why if you're in earneſt, Mr. Miſt, Miſs Sutherland's father is in priſon, and as this Will gives him no ready money—

Miſt. I take—what's the debt?

Laviſh. A trifle!—but a thouſand pounds, which in the courſe of a month I can ſave and repay you!—or if that ſecurity don't content you, you ſhall have a mortgage on the theatre.

Miſt. That's it; that's the beſt ſecurity on earth! far better than meadows and corn fields!—people will go without bread, but, bleſs 'em! never without plays!—Come along, Stop—priſon only next door—gaoler take my word:—reenter with Sir Hervey inſtantly.

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, are you mad, Sir?—will you again diſappoint and deceive me?

Miſt. Deceive you!—hem!—who concealed will?—paſſed off for Manager, and turns out only author?—who under falſe pretences would have pocketed all my ſcenes, dreſſes, and decorations?—No, no—you deceived me; and therefore, "Mary, once more I follow thee!" and ſo "Good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!"

[*Exit with* STOPGAP.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Barbarian! Savage!—this is the third time he has made a dupe of me, Mr. Laviſh! (*Burſt into tears*).—I'll ſign the agreement, Mr. Laviſh!

Laviſh. Excuſe me!—I'm above being a party in ſo infamous a tranſaction.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay: when you conſider the ſmallneſs of the ſum, and that I bind myſelf to give up all claim under my huſband's will.—

Laviſh. Why, that's true; and ſeriouſly ſpeaking two hundred a-year is no object; and therefore, I'll indulge you?—ſign directly, and I'll indulge you!

Mrs. Dazzle. The ſooner the better!—I long to be out of the monſter's houſe!—here's pen and ink.

Laviſh. And here's the agreement! (*they go to the table*).

Enter MIST, Sir HERVEY, *and* JULIANA.

Miſt. Take care—conſider you're a new performer, Sir Hervey—you alſo, Miſs M. P. mind the traps.

Sir Hervey. Sir, I know not how to expreſs my thanks or my aſtoniſhment.

Laviſh (*coming from table—agreement in his hand*). Huzza! Sir Hervey, I give you joy—Miſs Sutherland, I give you joy—here it is, ſigned and ſealed.—Mrs. Dazzle generouſly takes two hundred a-year, and gives up all claim under her huſband's will—there's a bargain maker for you!

Sir Hervey. Is this true, Madam?

Mrs. Dazzle. True!—you know I've been tricked into it.

Laviſh. You have—you trick'd yourſelf into it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Myſelf!

Laviſh. Ay! you would be indulged; and as here is now no longer any bar to our union, with this lady's (*taking* JULIANA'*s hand*) and her father's leave allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Laviſh elect.

Mrs. Dazzle. How! your wife!

Laviſh. Ay; you thought I'd call her by another name; but I am ſtill old faſhioned enough to think the word "wife," heightens happineſs and gives a zeſt to love!—(Mrs. DAZZLE *is going to ſpeak*)—Nay, don't blame me!—you have to thank yourſelf for the whole tranſaction; and when any body makes falſe charges, I hope I ſhall be always too good an economiſt not to make them pay for them.

Miſt (to Mrs. DAZZLE). You take the hint! —you take the hint!

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, I ſhall go wild—I—(*ſtamping violently*).

Miſt. Gently—you'll be down the trap.

Mrs. Dazzle. So, Miſs, you mean to allow me only this paltry——

Juliana. No, Madam!—with my huſband's permiſſion the annuity ſhall be doubled.—The widow of my benefactor muſt be more amply provided for.

Laviſh. Certainly!---I can ſave it a thouſand ways! And now, Mr. Miſt, as we ſhall certainly diſpoſe of our theatrical property, you ſhall be the purchaſer—Only mind, I make the bargain —never was ſuch a fellow at making bargains!

Miſt. Name your own terms—only let me be London Manager!—Oh, for the opening!—Oh, for the firſt night!—After Hamlet, what an addreſs will I make to them?

Laviſh. Addreſs! why what will you ſay?

Miſt

Miſt. Tell you--"Ladies and Gentlemen—"on the part of the company in general, and my-"ſelf as proprietor, author, actor, and manager "in particular—confeſs faults—acknowledge ob-"ligations—and humbly entreat your uſual can-"dour and indulgence."——Then getting nearer the lamps—"Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow "and following evening, with your permiſſion, "this play will be repeated!"

END OF THE COMEDY.

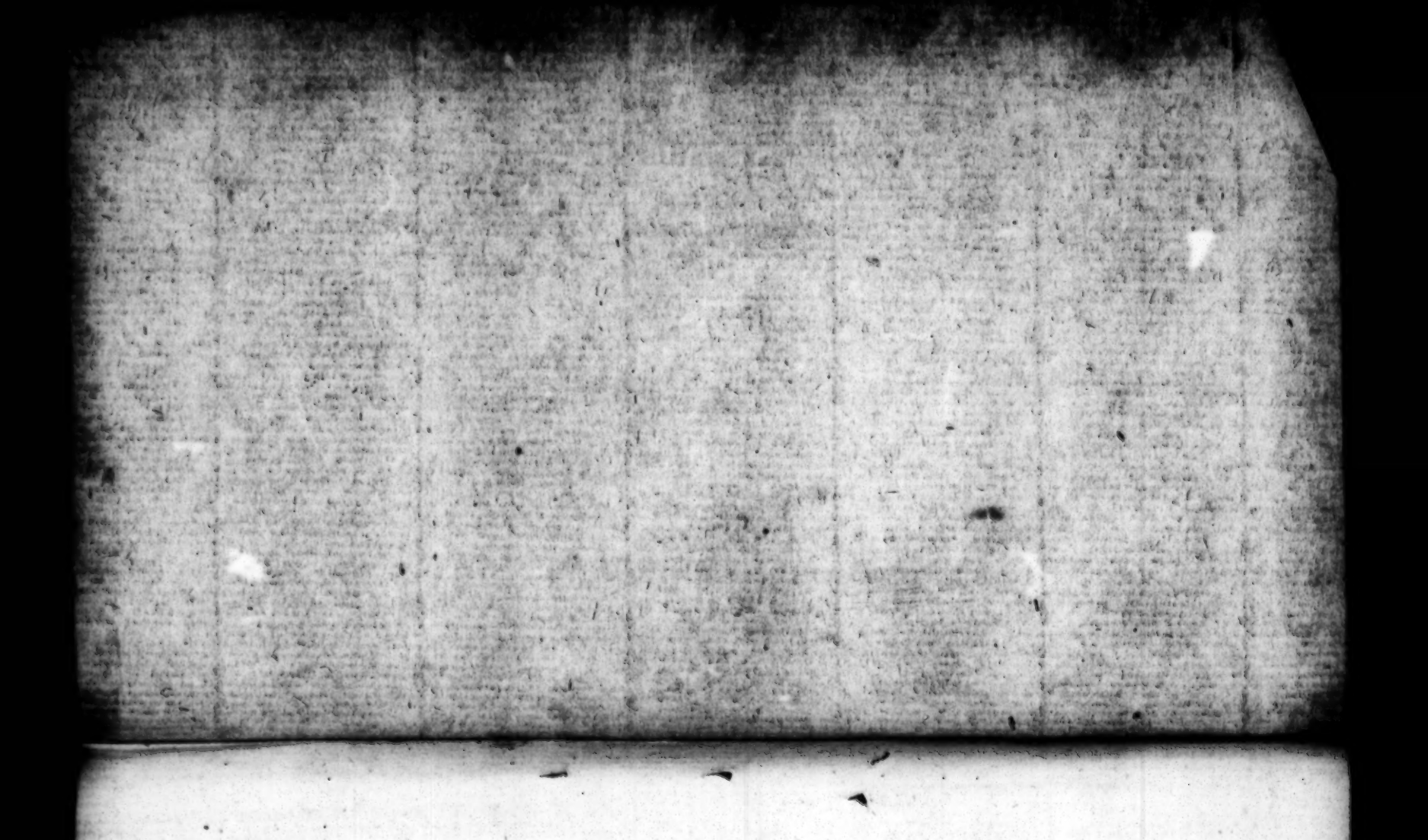
EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. FAWCETT *in the Character of* MIST.

A London Manager of high degree,
I, Peter Miſt, now enter here, O. P.;
My country playhouſe, e'er I came to town
Almoſt knock'd up, has been in lots knock'd down.
A ſturdy farmer bought the walls:—why then,
What was a barn will be a barn again.
Corn on the ſtage, not mummers will be ſeen;
And oats be threſh'd where actors ſhould have been;
Wheat ſtrew the boards where erſt did heroes tread,
To make—what heroes never made there—bread.
Stage-ſtruck, but hen-peck'd, honeſt Juſtice Dunder
Has all my clouds,—his lady has my thunder.
Dick Drench, the ſnug apothecary, means
To give a private play, ſo buys my ſcenes:
Drench, "ſmelling of the ſhop," and *idem ſemper*,
Could not reſiſt ſcenes painted in diſtemper.
The Member for the town bought all my coats;
There he was wiſe—for I command two votes;
And playhouſe coats (again he ſhew'd diſcerning)
Will ſuit a Member, for they're us'd to turning.
My wigs the women quarrell'd for, ſweet ſouls!
My daggers ſtuck in ſelling; but my bowls
Mine hoſt of the Red Lion clapp'd his eyes on,
And bought 'em, as I did, to ſerve up poiſon.
Thus all my country ſtock, as Shakſpeare ſays,
"My cloud-capt towers, my gorgeous palaces,
"Yea, my great globe," (the barn,) ſo much involv'd,
And "all it did inherit, have diſſolv'd."
But if ſome future Manager ſhould take
My "ſolemn temple," which I now forſake;

My

My "fabric of a viſion," he will find
That I have left a curſed "wreck behind."
Here then I come, by rural ſchemes half undone,
But country ſtumps appear new brooms in London.
Egad I'll ſweep all clean—look to't—ne'er doubt me—
A London Manager, I'll lay about me;
And, as a ſample, you ſhall hear my hints,
To be inſerted in to-morrow's prints:
"A five act play laſt night was repreſented,
"By an amazing *Dramatiſt* invented!
"Author's and Actors' merits were immenſe,
"And Fawcett e'en ſurpaſs'd his uſual excellence!
"Great care 'tis plain was taken in rehearſal;
"And"——may I add with *truth?*——"applauſe
"was univerſal."

BODLEIANA
OXFORD